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Comment Of The Day

OPPORTUNITIES AT VIENNA

OFF go our delegates to the trade fair in Vienna with high hopes of pushing exports to Europe. But unfortunately there is not much interest among local manufacturers in this venture. The apathetic reaction to the announcement of our intention to participate proved that. It was the same with the Melbourne Fair and at one time Government had to beg samples to exhibit at our stand.

Why is this so particularly deplorable? It is because when our manufacturers ignore free chances to advertise their products, but maddening when last year's rumour with Lancashire and this year's with the U.S. underwear industry emphasise so seriously the importance of diversifying both our produce and our trade.

What do local manufacturers think about diversification? Most just couldn't care less. Their attitude is: we're on to a good thing so let's stick to it. Under normal circumstances it is probably an excellent rule but when moves are being made abroad to cut down our exports, can we sympathise with manufacturers who refuse to help themselves?

Look at our local textile industry, complaining because their self-imposed undertaking to Lancashire is proving too much of a restriction. They are going to ask Government to appeal for a quota holiday. But the remedy lies in their own hands—seek out new markets elsewhere and go in for new products.

The undertaking with Lancashire must be honoured. It is Hongkong's word even though only one industry has given it. If we break it we can never expect sympathy again. And this is a Colony that is always needing it in large measure.

DAVIS CUP SENSATIONS

Fraser Beats Alex Olmedo: Laver Loses

Forrest Hills, Aug. 28.
Australia began sensationally in the Davis Cup final when Neale Fraser beat Wimbledon champion Alex Olmedo in four sets, but then Rod Laver lost the advantage for Australia by going down in straight sets to Barry Mackay.

Fraser, who wields one of the world's finest services, hammered and tantalised the uninspired Olmedo for 2½ hours and finally upset Peru's controversial gift to American tennis, 6-0, 6-0, 6-4, 8-6.

Not once did Olmedo show the inspirational tennis that accounted for three U.S. victories in Australia last December and brought the famed international trophy back to America.

Olmedo was utterly baffled by Fraser's dazzling service and failed himself to bring his own big first service into play often enough to hold off the Australian.

Failed
At the outset, Olmedo played well inside the baseline in an attempt to handle Fraser's service. That failed.

Then he began to jump about, hoping to distract Fraser. And that failed, too.

Then he began to play right on the baseline while receiving service but nothing he tried could halt the tenacious Australian.

Though he began promisingly, Olmedo repeatedly missed his first service, and his driving was also inaccurate. Fraser served superbly. He had 24 aces, nine of them in the first set.

Then came Mackay. He beat the left-handed Laver, 7-5, 6-4, 6-1, to salvage a 1-1 tie after the first day's play before a crowd of 10,000.

Mackay was as brilliant as Olmedo was ordinary in beating the 21-year-old Laver, who had in turn beaten him in five sets in the Wimbledon semi-finals.

Errors
Mackay's service was tremendous and his return of service was so severe that Laver frequently was forced into volleyed errors and suffered five service breaks.

For two sets, red-haired Laver fought valiantly to stem Mackay's power but at the end it was almost a rout.

A sparkling display by the hard-hitting Mackay frequently brought the 10,000 crowd to its feet.

His match with Laver opened at blistering speed, both players hitting with terrific pace and depth.

Each made errors with his serving and volleying, but Mackay had some brilliant flashes of power tennis.

He served seven aces to Laver's two in the first set and after several volleying mistakes by Laver Mackay broke through to win 7-5.

The pattern continued in the second set, which Mackay won 6-4.

Mackay served four double faults in the fifth game of the third set. But Laver was by now right out of the game, and Mackay was soon reeling off another string of winning shots to take the set 6-1. UPI & Reuter.

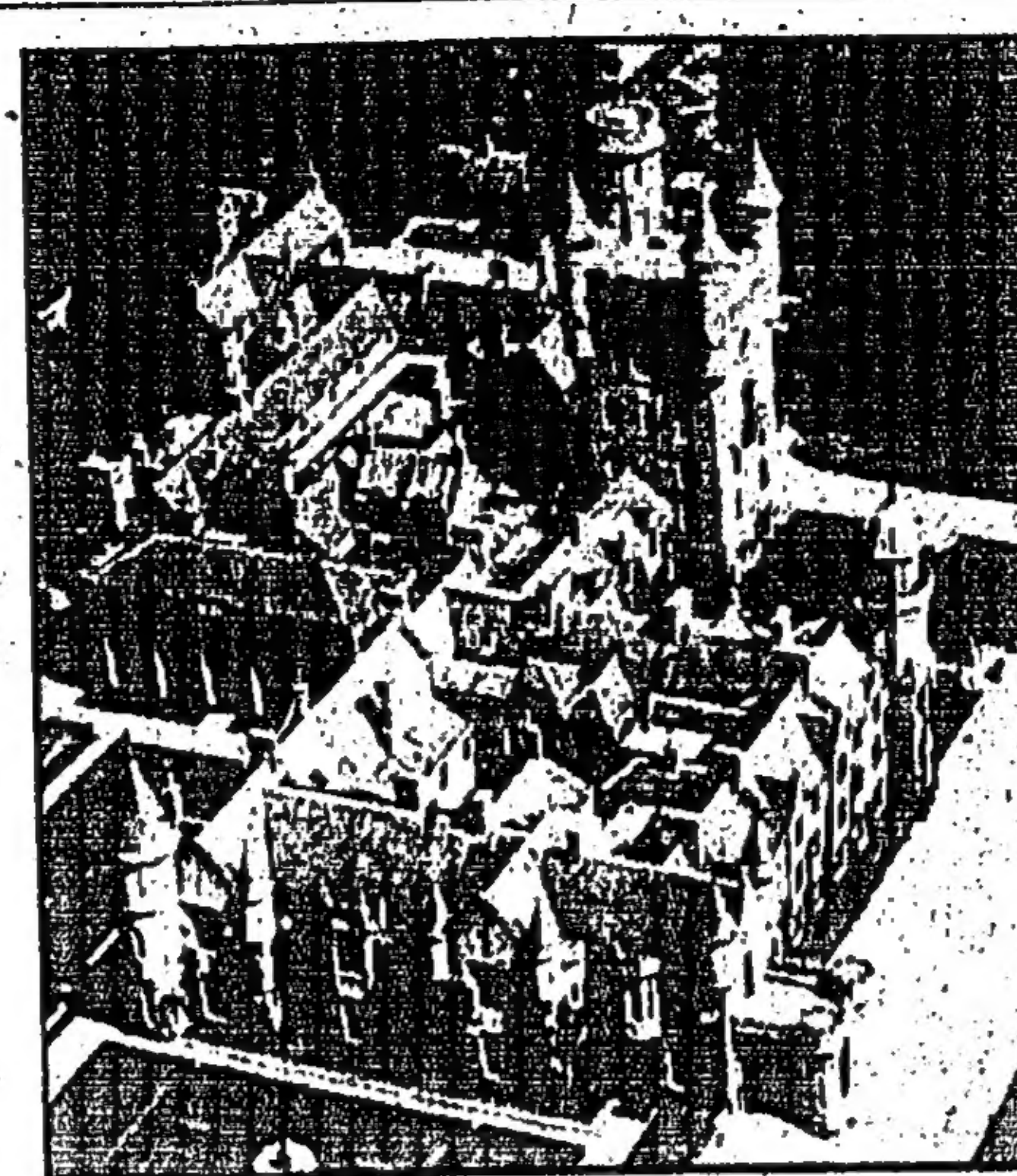
'CROQUET INSTEAD OF GOLF'

Chequers, Aug. 28.
President Eisenhower may not get in his game of golf here this weekend but can fit in a fast game of croquet if he feels so inclined.

This was disclosed today when on the eve of his talks with the President, the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, received reporters who were touring his official country residence.

The Prime Minister was in jovial mood. He told reporters that he and the president would try to do some work tomorrow — "but not too much I hope," he added with a smile.

There might also be a film show, Mr. Macmillan said. "We have got a film which might be called a medieval Western—Richard III," he added.—Reuter.



An aerial view of Balmoral.—Express Photo.

QUEEN TAKES EISENHOWER SIGHTSEEING

Crathie, Aug. 28.
Queen Elizabeth and her family took President Eisenhower for a drive in the picturesque Scottish highlands today and did what thousands of British and American holiday-makers do — had a picnic tea by the side of a loch.

Mr. Eisenhower, the first American President to set foot on Scottish soil, had flown from London this morning in a British jet liner and was greeted at the airport by the Duke of Edinburgh.

After lunch the Queen, herself driving, took the president who had changed into country clothes, his son Major John Eisenhower, his personal physician, Major Snyder, on an hour's sightseeing tour. Princess Margaret was also with them.

It ended by the shores of Loch Muick where with the Duke and children they picnicked outside a summer house. After tea the Queen drove Mr. Eisenhower to call on Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother who lives nearby.—Reuter.

Buffalo Holds Village At Bay

Kuala Lumpur, Aug. 28.
A berserk water buffalo wounded its master yesterday and then held the whole village of Kempong Batu Sendelas at bay for 11 hours. It was finally shot and captured by police.—Reuter.

Soviet Test Pledge

London, Aug. 28.
The Soviet Union declared today it would not resume nuclear tests provided the Western powers cease their nuclear tests.—UPI.

Indian Paratroop Unit Flown To Border Outposts

New Delhi, Aug. 28.
An Indian army paratroop unit was flown into the Limaling area today after Communist China refused to withdraw its troops from two Indian outposts they occupied on August 25 and 26, it was learned here.

The Indian Government had asked Communist China to withdraw its forces immediately. It was officially stated but the Chinese claimed the two posts Longju and Kanzimani, as their own territory. The fate of 38 Indian soldiers stationed at the advance posts remained unknown.

Lieutenant-General Thorat, Commander of the Indian forces is soon to fly to the Limaling area which is some 20 miles inside Indian territory from Longju.

U.S. COMMENT

In Washington, a senior Republican senator said today that the movement of Communist Chinese troops across India's northern borders could very well be connected with Mr. Nikita Khrushchev's forthcoming talks with President Eisenhower.

Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, the second most senior Republican member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, told reporters: "I think it's possible that this new Communist aggression has some connection with Khrushchev's plans."

AGGRESSION

He said that from what he had read the Chinese move was "an act of aggression."

The State Department today withheld all comment on the troop clashes.

The Department spokesman, Mr. Lincoln White, limited his remarks at a press conference to a statement that "I think Mr. Nehru is perfectly capable of speaking for India in this situation."

Reports of Mr. Nehru's statement to the Indian Parliament were given banner headlines by Washington and New York newspapers today and pushed President Eisenhower's visit to Balmoral Castle to second place.—Reuter.

Tibetans For Scotland?

London, Aug. 28.
Tubton Norbu, brother of the Dalai Lama, said today that he hoped it would be possible to resettle a certain number of Tibetan refugees in Scotland. He added that it was also probable that a large number could be resettled in Australia, New Zealand, Austria and in the Scandinavian countries.

Norbu indicated that it would be necessary to transport some of his compatriots into the Scottish highlands where they would live in traditional communal groups.—A.P.

Indonesia Is Heading For Major Crisis

Djakarta, Aug. 28.
Indonesia was today heading for a major economic and political crisis over the nation-wide shortage of money to pay workers' monthly wages — the immediately critical effect of the government's drastic monetary reforms announced on Monday.

The reforms, which took effect on Tuesday, devalued the Indonesian currency, blocked big bank accounts, changed foreign trade procedures, and introduced a new foreign currency rate.

Since then, businessmen have tried to cash cheques and settle other documents, but bankers said yesterday they had not enough money and were awaiting instructions.

Observers said there is a near-crisis atmosphere in the capital of the republic today.

Djakarta has more than 100 banks, all of which have been bogged by frantic crowds. Eyewitnesses noted the presence of a unit of heavy tanks in the centre of the city.

Traders and bankers were predicting that small firms would go bankrupt if the government did not act to overcome the stagnation.

Eye-witnesses said the teeming market areas of Djakarta were gripped by the greatest slump in a decade.

The Indonesian Government announced today that remittances from abroad, travellers' cheques, and foreign banknotes will be subject to a recently-announced 20 per cent government levy.

Business sources in Djakarta said they were not sure whether new foreign capital coming into

the country would be subject to this tax.

Meanwhile, British firms are probably the most affected among foreign interests. British business strength in Indonesia is ranked third to Dutch firms, since being taken over by Indonesians and Chinese.

British interests include two major banks, tobacco, rubber and other estate crops, and margarine manufacturing.—Reuter.

Soviet Crabs For British Cars

London, Aug. 28.
Russia will exchange a million pounds worth of canned crab meat and £150,000 worth of tractor cars for £250,000 worth of British cars and spare parts and other goods to the value of almost £900,000 in the year to June 30 next.—Reuter.

Pools Record

London, Aug. 28.
Littlewood, Britain's leading football pools firm, announced today that stakes invested by punters last season reached an all-time record of just over £43 million.—Reuter.

Suez Crisis Information 'Blackout'

London, Aug. 28.
Evidence of a "four-day blackout" of information at the United Kingdom's Commonwealth Relations Office at the time of the 1956 Suez crisis has been given before the Select Committee on Estimates, whose report on the CRO was published here today.

The committee—the all-party Parliamentary watchdog on government spending—says in its report that two former directors of information who

appeared before it confirmed that for four days they were not supplied with any material to enable them to present the U.K. Government's case. The committee comments: "Such a failure not only creates difficulties for the information officers themselves but damages Britain's prestige by leaving the field to her opponents."

"Your committee were therefore relieved to learn that a series of planning committees had now been set up which

would make such a 'blackout' impossible in the future."

Sir Percival Griffiths, honorary adviser to the India, Pakistan and Burma Association in London said that if there was a weakness on the part of the Information Service it was not so much in the collection but in the feeding from the United Kingdom end.

Another criticism of the Information Service was that there was an inadequate supply of information on industrial and commercial matters

"and especially on British technical achievements and aid to other countries."

The committee recommended an interdepartmental enquiry into the work and structure of the trade commissions in Commonwealth countries.

The committee's report comments that this situation resulted from a tendency for the senior trade commissioners "to be judged rather as the reports they write than by any business they get."—Reuter.

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ACTION—more daring than "TRADER HORN."



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PRINCESS

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 William Holden • Claire Trevor • Glenn Ford
 in **"TEXAS"**
 Free Schweppes orange cold drinks to every patron of
 Sunday morning and matinee shows.

TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M's "TOM & JERRY
 & VARIETY CARTOONS"
TO-MORROW At 12.30 p.m. Alfred Hitchcock's
 "THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY"

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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. **METROPOLE:** At 11.00 a.m.
FOX M. G. M.
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
STAR: At 12.15 p.m. **METROPOLE:** At 12.30 p.m.
 20th Century-Fox presents in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR
"D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"
 starring **Robert TAYLOR** & **Richard TODD**
"BERNARDINE"
 starring **Pat BOONE** & **Terry MOORE**
STAR: 5 Shows on Mon., 31st Aug., Extra Performance of
"HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM" At 12.30 p.m.

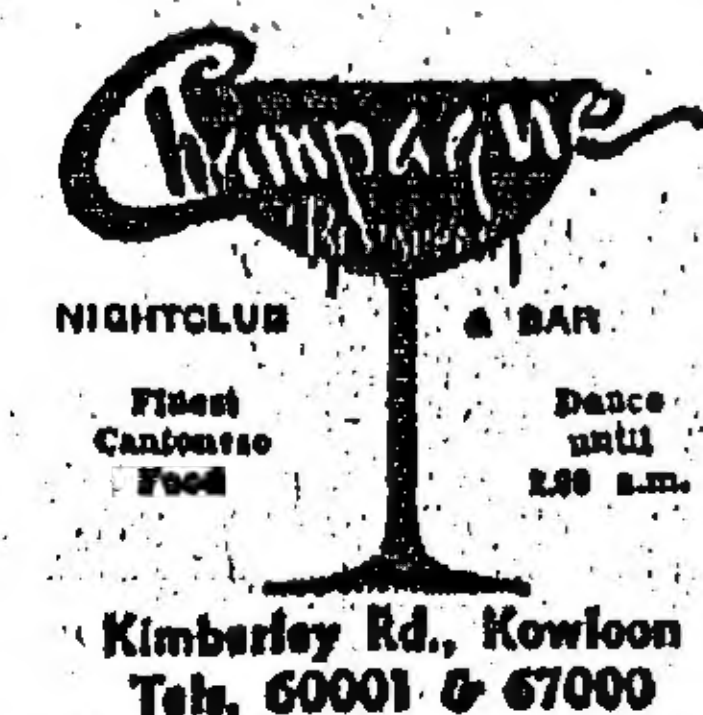
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 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW—AT REDUCED PRICES
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"PUBLIC PIGION NO. 1"
 AT 12.30 P.M. **Stewart CRANER** in
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 MR. THOMAS CHUNG**
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FILMS CURRENT & COMING by ANTHONY FULLER

NOW for one reason and another, I am greatly in sympathy with the principal character of "Horrors of the Black Museum" (Star and Metropole).

This principal character is a writer, and nows being what it is, there is not enough of it to supply him with occasional copy, so what does he do but go out and commit one or two dreadful atrocities—in order to keep the wolf from the door, after which he proceeds to write them up.

This particular writer, Edmond Bancroft, is a cripple, and as he has the "low down" on all these murders, he is able to write in a very sensational manner about them and incidentally make big money.

Many narrow-minded people would call this cheating, but when you come to think how many millions of honest English people rely upon such reading matter while they digest roast beef and Yorkshire on a Sunday afternoon, you could really call Edmond a public benefactor.

Even the medical profession do not call Edmond a criminal, but rather a schizophrenic, which seems to me much more rude.

Now Edmond keeps a black museum in his house, a miniature Scotland Yard effort, and talking about Scotland Yard, it is just this institution which brings about Edmond's downfall.

For Edmond won't let well alone, and when these so-called dreadful atrocities are, at one and the same time, delighting and horrifying the country, Edmond starts to go mad, telling them they are useless.

Usually, policemen are very tolerant men, and are not at all inclined to permit a murder or two to stand between friends, but at the same time, they are most sensitive men, and one thing they cannot bear is to be laughed at.

And Edmond laughs at them, but he does not have the last laugh. The story ends in a CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, so the gore department sends in large orders for tomato ketchup.

Of course, the most improbable happens, but Michael Gough as the monster would put most monsters out of work.

He is good. None of the girls last long in this film, but as their job is to be killed as quickly as possible, they are adequate.

Of course, the cold-blooded scientist writer must have a sort of faithful accomplice, and in this film, his name is Rick, and his real name is Graham Curnow.

A lot of gimmicks are thrown in, including the right sort of business at Battersea Funfair, which seems particularly appropriate.

Are you in a murderous mood... what better than the "Horrors of the Black Museum"?

★ ★ ★

TARZAN has been making the jungle a hell for man and beast for almost as long as I have been on earth, during which time I have sucked at sherbet dabs, smoked my first cigarette, gone out for a drink, stayed away, but in this effort, "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure" (King's and Princess) he makes a good come-back.

It is good Saturday afternoon stuff dipped in Technicolor, just the kind of film to set the kids howling, as Tarzan, armed with a bow and arrow only, beats off and defeats every attempt made upon his life with modern weapons, excluding the H-bomb, of course.

My dear old friend, the crocodile is in this film, and he does his usual stuff of slithering through the mud, and nosing out into the water.

But by the time Tarzan gets hold of him, he is a very sorry croc, and probably wishes he had stayed on the bank. Rarely have I seen such a piece of paper mache take such a beating.

The plot is a lot better than the usual run of Tarzan series, stronger, more detailed, concerned with some diamond stealers who play very rough indeed.

Gordon Scott as Tarzan uses the usual swinging from tree to tree stuff, and swims very well, while his exploits with a bow would get him a job in Sherwood Forest, any day.

Sara Shane is the doughy damsel who ventures upon Tarzan's domain, while Anthony Quayle is the villainous Black, leader of the hoodlums.



Murder foul at Battersea Funfair: A scene from "Horrors of the Black Museum."

Highlights come as thick and fast as the thick cars in this film, and Tarzan's fight to death with Slide is something out of this world, and finishes with one of them out of it.

As a Tarzan goes, this film goes very well indeed.

★ ★ ★
"A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR" (Roxy and Broadway) as I heralded last week, is an American raspberry flavoured flourish, in honour of the Pentagon, the institution which guides the destiny of the G. I.

This zany story rips dignity to pieces, and certainly plays the sacred cow of psychiatry, until it is left without a moo.

The film is just what it sets out to be. The craziest, distracted, disoriented, delirious, deranged, demented device that ever linked films and television. For the whole thing builds up to stealing a television show, and the film shows just what it can be in Colour by De Luxe.

It also includes some monkeys that acted young Gary Crosby out of the show. Crosby, their IQ must go over the top!

The other part of the film, skilfully woven into the show business calls for guying the Army Psychiatrist. To see the "trick cyclist" freewheeling about with a situation so crazy that it's real, is the high spot of the film.

20th Century Fox have handed this film to their youngsters, and in a slap-dash manner, they come up with the goods.

Young Gary Crosby, who is now leading the young Crosbys

in a night club act, is on his own in this. He gets some rare chances, but it is easy to see that at this stage, he is not following in the footsteps of dear old dad. He just hasn't got it, and that is all there is to it.

Don't go expecting anything more than entertainment and fun; and if you like both served up in a lush manner, with CinemaScope, colour, and stereophonic sound, you have it, in large quantities. Leading a large cast are Sal Mineo, Christine Carere, Barry Coe, and Gary Crosby.

★ ★ ★
"THE BEAT GENERATION" (Hoover and Gala) refers to those young lawless thugs, who for some reason or other, seem to think that it proves something to beat up any casual acquaintance.

This film, tackled from the American angle, shows that rise

to prominence of a group of individualists whose standards of life are at variance, to say the least, with the conventional.

Known by the journalistic diminutive of "beatnik," "The Beat Generation" stars Steve Cochran, Mamie Van Doren, Ray Danton, and Fay Spain. The powerful but morbid story concerns a psychoneurotic beatnik whose hatred for fair women causes him to commit a series of vicious criminal assaults.

When he deliberately chooses the wife of a police officer as one of his victims, the latter almost destroys his own marital happiness in the fanatic pursuit of the criminal.

The film shows how these extraordinary creatures live and spend their leisure.

On the fringe of arty-crafty movements, they are the great undiscovered geniuses, too utterly precious for this world.

Quite a sequence is given to their art displays, but the picture settles for violence with one eye on the box office.

An off beat film, of interest to those who are curious as to what makes some people tick.

FILM BRIEFS

It is funny to think that Norman Wisdom, just becoming the favourite foreign funny man out here, was down and out in New York, ten years ago.

In desperation, he tried a beer garden, and did his stuff there. He calls it the seven deadly minutes of his life. He tried to get on the Sullivan T.V. Show. His turn was received in silent wonder. Two months later he was back in London, his luck changed, and he was doing well in "London Melody."

Ed Sullivan, not recognizing the Wisdom of New York, signed

up Norman for the Sullivan T.V. show. "That's Show Business!"

★ ★ ★
 Around the World in 80 Days will not be returning to the Star and Metropole yet. No reason has been given for this revision of programme. Most probably the excellent business done in other places by "The Horrors of the Black Museum," might have something to do with it.

★ ★ ★
 "Ferry to Hongkong" should be here by the middle of October, so I am told. Personally, I am disappointed. Here was one occasion at least when we could have had a World Premier to coincide with that in London. After all, quite a number of local people played in the film; I saw several technicians and back stage boys from some of the local studios doing a good job on the sets. And quite a number of Chinese residents had parts. And we have to wait to see the film!

★ ★ ★
 On the other hand, we sometimes do see films before other places. For instance, "Operation Amsterdam" has been and gone. My reason for mentioning that film is, only last week it ran into trouble in Paris. Part of the gimmick was the distribution of diamonds, three genuine packets among thousands of paste diamonds.

The three theatres involved were, the Eclair, Wepler, and the Lord Byron. The Paris Police stepped in, said the whole business was a lottery (the only lottery permitted in France is that run by the State). I do not know yet whether the Rank Organisation has a case to answer, or whether the Prefecture of the Police is letting it go. I am waiting to hear from London.

★ ★ ★
 Concerning "Tiger Bay" every member of the Mills family is tempted one way and another. John, the father, is well known to British audiences everywhere, and has been for a long time. Wait Disney has snatched him up to play a role in "The Swiss Family Robinson." How many years ago is it since I read that book?

★ ★ ★
 Mrs Mills is the clever playwright Mary Hayley-Bell; young Hayley gets her name from Mummy, Juliet Mills, 17 years of age is on the London Stage, and there is young Jonathan Mills, and he is somewhere about Hayley's age, but he screens or stage experience yet as far as I know.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure." Another adventure of the jungle's Peter Pan, but much better than recent crop. Strong story with plenty of action, and hard punching climax. Gordon Scott (Tarzan); Anthony Quayle; and Sarah Shane.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Horrors of the Black Museum." CinemaScope and Eastman Colour spine chiller, which has the principal character as a combination of Dr Jekyll, Mr Hyde, and Jack the Ripper, a writer and successful criminologist. Frightening story film, for adults only. Starring Michael Gough.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Private's Affair." Crazy burlesque on TV, the Army, and the world in general.

with some clever and amusing asides. Bright, breezy, and entertaining in a daff way all along. CinemaScope; De Luxe; and Stereophonic Sound. Sal Mineo; Christine Carere; Barry Coe; and Gary Crosby.

LEE & ASTOR: "High Noon." The greatest of all Westerns. The film which set a new standard, and led to such productions as "Shane." Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly.

COMING

Lynfer and Brandon De Wilde.

HOOPER & GALA: "The Angry Hills." Warlike story set in Greece, which tells how War Correspondent Robert Mitchell ran into a peek of trouble. Good role for Stanley Baker as the Greek chief, and charm supplied by Gila Seals and Elisabeth Mueller. Good exciting film.

LEE & ASTOR: "Tiger Bay." Well directed film with some slick performances from John Mills, Horst Buchholz, and Yvonne Mitchell. But by now it is generally admitted that film is stolen by a very talented youngster Hayley Mills. Film has her form a strange friendship with a murderer. Excellent!

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Blue Jeans." A story of adolescence, frank, daring, and outspoken. Starring Carol

LEE ASTOR

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MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE
 At 11.00 a.m. **MIGHTY MOUSE**
COLOUR CARTOONS
ASTOR THEATRE
 At 12.30 p.m. **COLOUR CARTOONS**
 Free "COCA COLA" Cold Drink to Every Patron
 Note: 12.30 p.m. Show will be cancelled.

ROXY & BROADWAY

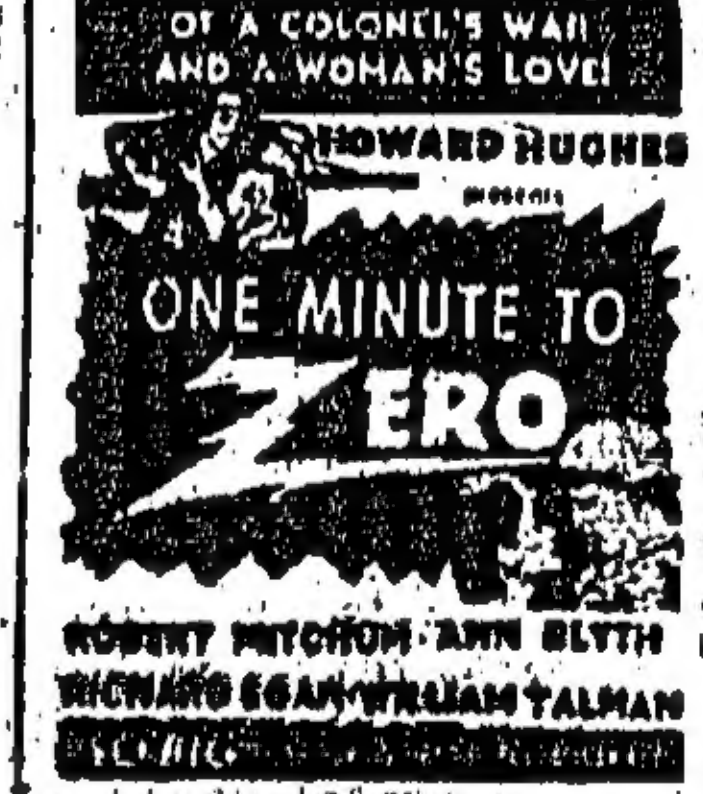
SHOWING TO-DAY
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow,
 Extra Performance of "A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon. **BROADWAY:** At 12.15 p.m.
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
 At 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
 — At Reduced Prices —
BROADWAY: Monday, 31st Aug. Special Morning Show
 At 12.00 Noon 20th Century-Fox presents
 in CinemaScope & Color
"ISLAND IN THE SUN"
 starring: Joan COLLINS • Joan FONTAINE • James MASON
 — At Reduced Prices —

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
 At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow 11.15
BOB HOPE & JANE RUSSELL
"D-74 PATROL"
Morning Show To-morrow
"KINGS GO FORTH"

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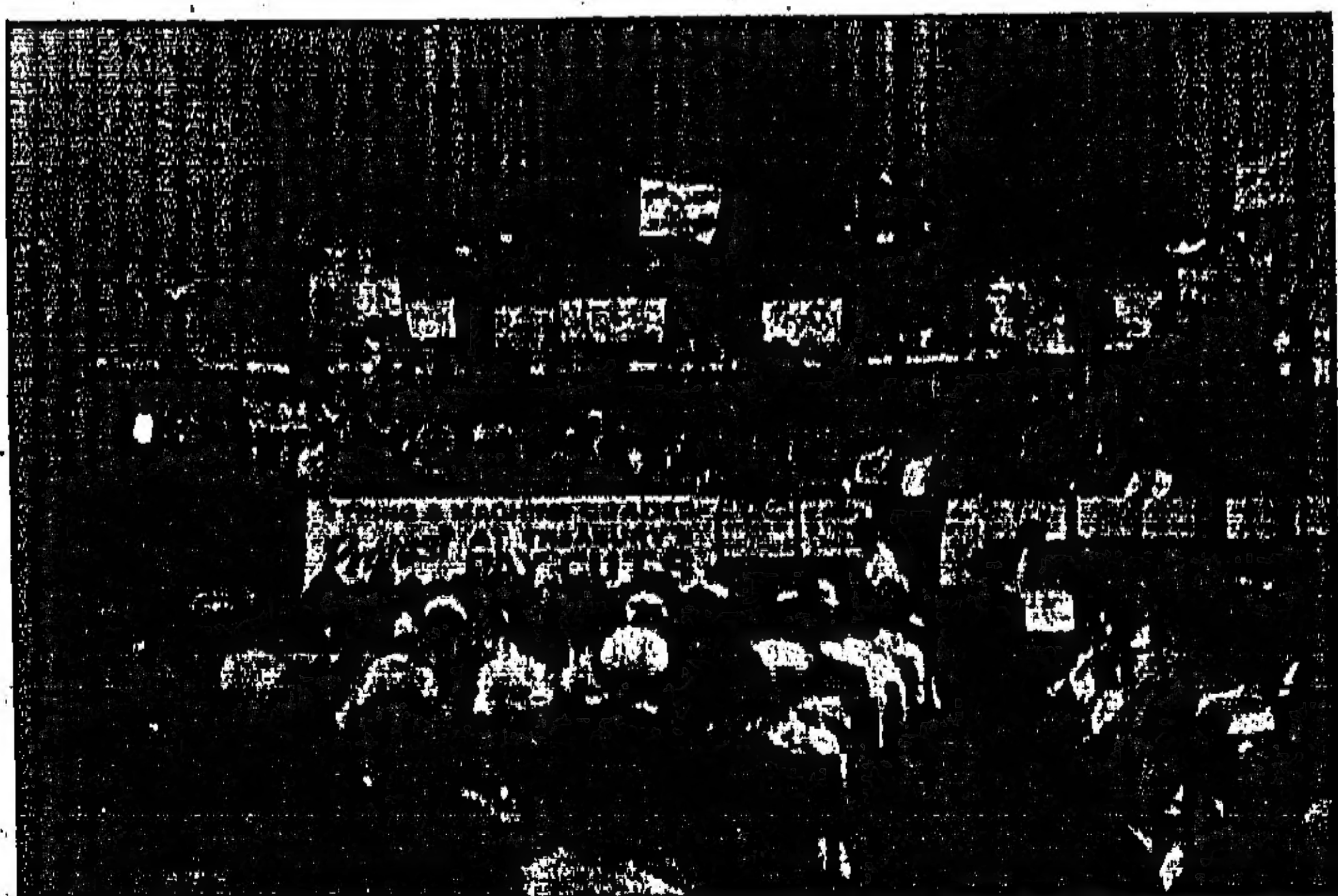


ABOVE: This was probably the best-buile quartet over to drink orange-juices in the Apollo Theatre at interval-time—blonde Jayne Mansfield, brunette Greta Anderson and their respective husbands—Mickey Hargitay and John Sonnichson, both naturalised Americans, and both ex-weightlifters. Miss Anderson is in Britain to attempt to swim the Channel both ways (she already holds the record for a one-way crossing). This announcement was followed by two more; Mr Hargitay said that he too would attempt a two-way Channel crossing, and Miss Mansfield that she would try it, one-way, after her next film. Picture shows Jayne and Mickey, connoisseurs in musculomanship, admiring Greta Anderson's flexed bicep.



ABOVE: Earlier this year, ex-dancer Anton Dolin, artistic director of the Festival Ballet, announced the inauguration of annual Dolin Awards for British Ballet. The other day, they were presented to choreographer Frederick Ashton and dancers Nadia Norina and John Gilpin — and turned out to be statuettes of Dolin himself, looking younger than his present 54. They were presented by Princess Antoinette of Monaco. Picture shows at the ceremony, left to right: Dolin, Ashton, Norina, Gilpin, and Princess Antoinette.

RIGHT: Rosemary Gray was waiting in the porch of Glasgow's Priesthill parish church, waiting to sweep up the aisle to marry James Waddell. Suddenly a car drew up, out got Rosemary's mother and father and another man, and she was dragged off screaming. A police call went out to look for the car in which she was abducted (the kidnappers were unrecognised), until three hours later, she arrived at Airdrie police station with her coal merchant father, who snapped: "This is purely a domestic affair." At ten, bridegroom James arrived—and at midnight they were finally married, in a friend's home at Priesthill.



ABOVE: Whitehall's typists were on the march again the other night, demonstrating against the Treasury's proposed cut of up to 15% in the maximum wages payable to typists and office machine operators. They gathered at the Central Hall, Westminster, 2,500 of them out of the total of 30,000 Civil Service girls, passed a resolution of "disgust at the Treasury's attitude," then marched through Westminster chanting "We want MORE pay."

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Jane Faithfull has a habit of speaking before she thinks—and the other day it let her in for something. For Jane was the only one of a 50,000 crowd at the Shrewsbury Flower Show who dared open her mouth when there was a call for a volunteer to be carried pick-a-back across an 80-foot high tight-rope (top inset) by Czech expert Rudy Omankowsky. After a ten-minute, 30-yard crossing, she came down again, safe but shaking, and saying: "Why do I do these things? ... It was quite an experience. But I would have to be paid to do it again." Picture shows Jane coming down—a bit shaky.



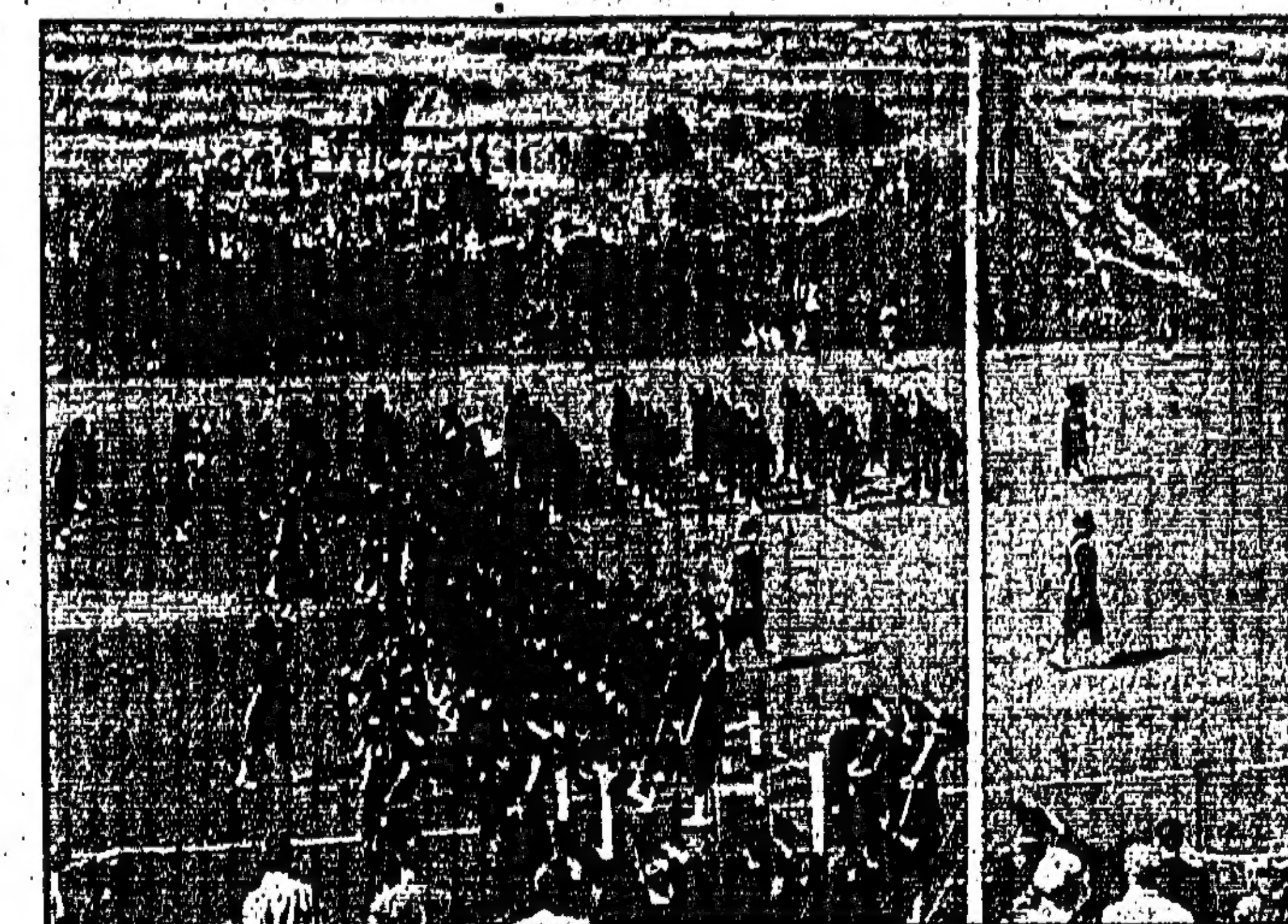
ABOVE: Looking fit and well after his shooting holiday at Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, returned to London recently refreshed and ready for his talks with President Eisenhower. One of the highlights of the President's visit will be the appearance by Mr Macmillan and the President on British television. Picture shows Mr Macmillan waving to the crowds on his arrival at King's Cross Station, London.



ABOVE: Hundreds of people flocked to Crathie Church, near Balmoral, recently to watch the Queen and her family arrive for morning service. They were rewarded by this picture of a smiling Queen, happy with her family as every mother-to-be has a right to be.



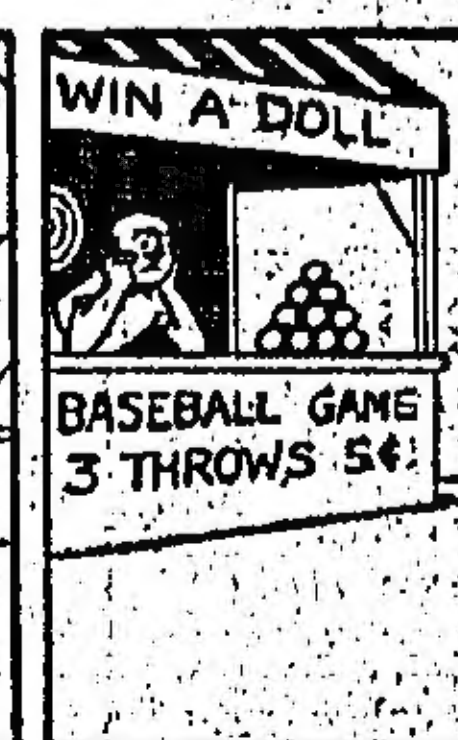
ABOVE: Patricia Barham, of Tulsa Hill, South London, will be sixteen on September 9—and on the same day she will marry the boy next door, 22-year-old Tom Cano. Reading a comic, she said the other day: "We have been engaged two months. He proposed in the middle of the film 'Look Back In Anger'." Tom has arranged for the wedding ceremony at Brixton Register Office, and has asked a friend to be best man; but Pat is not so well organised. She still has to buy a wedding dress, get a girl friend to act as witness, decide who to invite to the wedding, choose a ring, and find a flat.



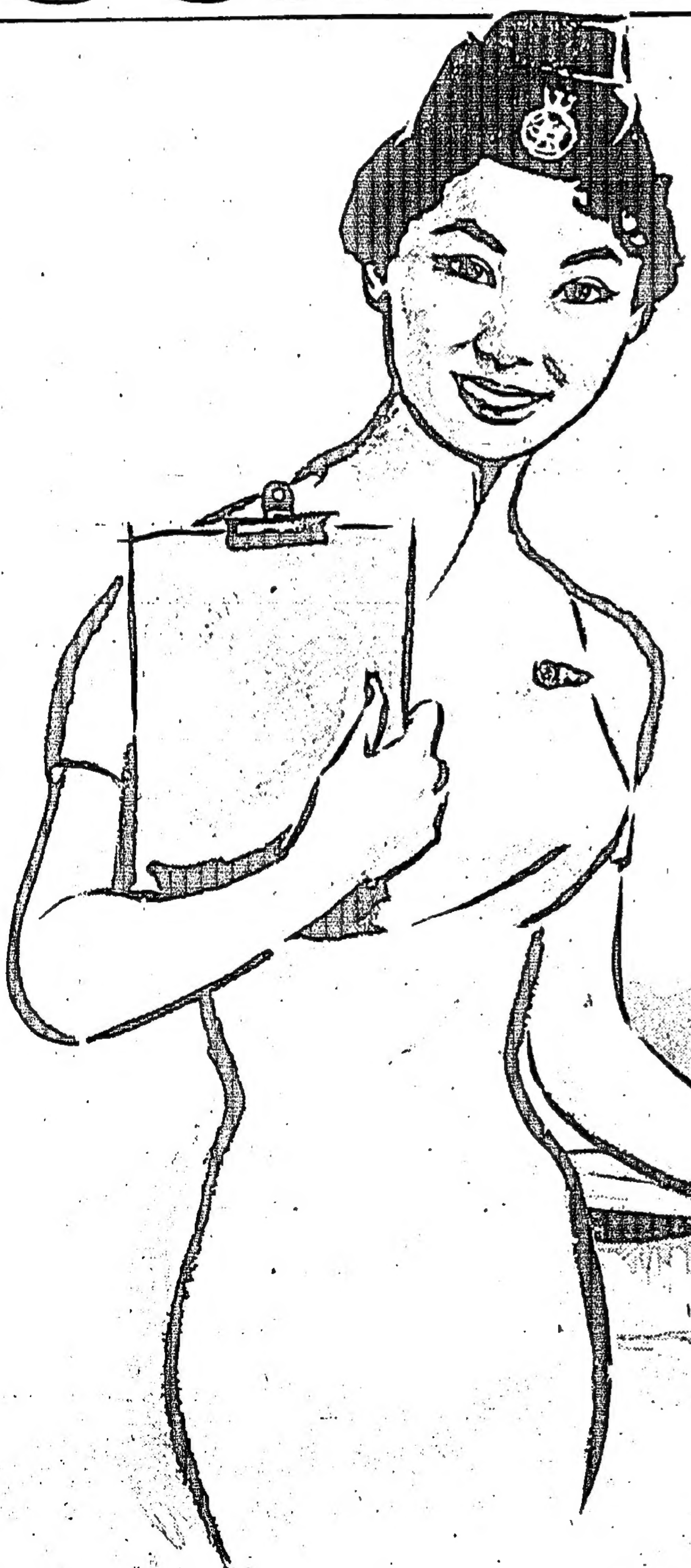
ABOVE: The 1st Battalion, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders marching past at Dover the other day in a Trooping the Colour ceremony to mark the regiment's 166th anniversary.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



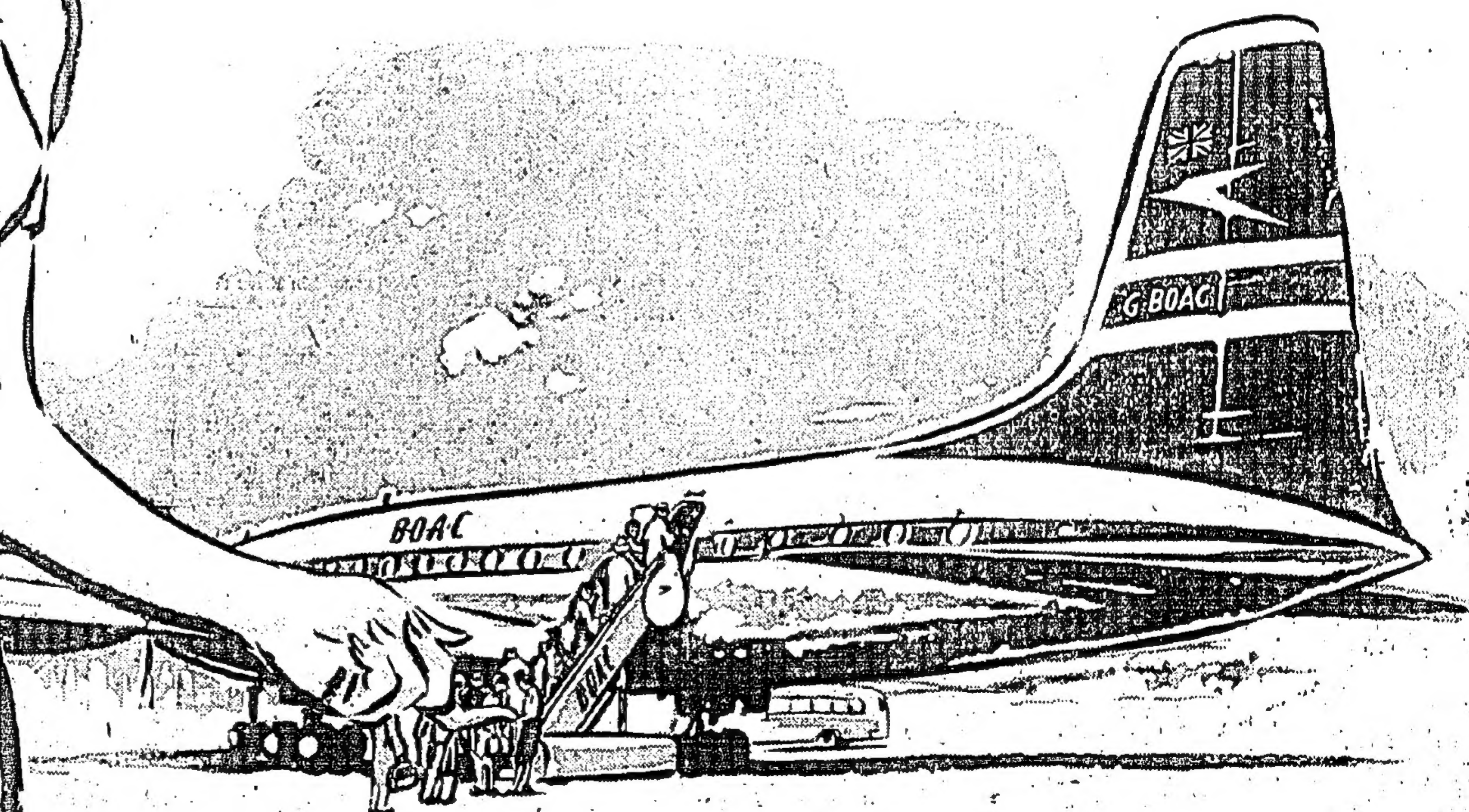
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BEGINNING THE CASE-BOOK OF BRITAIN ON THE BRINK OF WAR... ... A FASCINATING FINE-FOCUS ON THE DAYS BEFORE THE STORM

That ASTOUNDING August

What were you doing 20 years ago today?

It was just 20 years ago this month. In far-away Danzig, the free city on the shores of the Baltic, Nazi troops disguised as tourists lurked in the gabled houses of the lovely Hanseatic town—waiting for the signal from Berlin to launch the coup that would turn the city over to Hitler.

In the Polish Corridor a few miles away—the Corridor that was the thorn in Hitler's flesh, because it cut Germany in two—Polish troops waited with itching fingers and what was to prove mislaid confidence for the first Nazi invaders to cross the frontier.

In Berlin, Hitler ranted. In Rome, the Pope prayed. But in Britain it was holiday time. Parliament had risen. The Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, and his Cabinet had gone to the country to rest. "Parliament is taking a holiday—why not you?" asked an advertisement in the Daily Express. "Visit the Belgian Coast, where everyone is happy, peaceful and smiling."

Shadows

There were smiles on everyone's faces at home too. Life suddenly seemed to be relaxing, pleasant and precious, and not even the weather seemed capable of chastening the holidaymakers. The sun broke through for two and a half hours at Southend and three at Blackpool, but most of the time it was dull, warm (60 degrees), and wet. But though there were darker shadows in the skies than rainclouds, the crowds were out to ignore them.

"Don't let Hitler spoil your holiday," said a leading article in one newspaper. "Don't talk about crisis news. Change the subject if others bring it up. Don't brood. Take plenty of exercise. Slack liners cause most of the world's gloom." There was really no need for this admonition. On Brighton pier, gay couples banged each other's buttocks in a vulgar, new dance, the Boompies Dance. The cars crawled, bumper to bumper, along the Kingston by-

pass, with an occasional Flying Standard (new model, price £129) nipping out to show off its bright colours. The battles of that August Bank Holiday concerned sport, not war, and the fields over which they were fought were at Old Trafford in Manchester and the White City in London rather than the disputed territories of Eastern Europe.

Up North, beneath a typically weepy Manchester sky, the great Hedley Verity, the wickedest left-arm bowler of them all, was sending down the kind of balls that paralysed his opponents and hypnotised the crowd.

'Roses' game

It was the classic "Roses" match between Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Verity was at the top of his form. This was the summer when he beat all-comers by taking 191 wickets for just over 13 runs apiece. True, in this particular match there were occasions when his attention seemed to wander away from the game, and he handed runs to his opponents on a platter.

Len Hutton found a way of bringing him back to form.

Twenty years ago Britain was on holiday... on borrowed time. Hitler ranted, but the sun shone on the deck-chair dozers. Were you among them? Can you recall what life was like in the darkening shadows of war? Even for those who are too young to remember, the last days of peace present a fascinating study.

by LEONARD MOSLEY

The race

It was not his last appearance in first-class cricket, but it was certainly one of the matches he will be remembered by.

He went into the Army shortly afterwards—one of the first cricketers to volunteer—and was badly wounded in Sicily while leading his company of Green Howards into the attack. He died of wounds in a prison camp in 1945.

The crowd of 50,000 at the White City had turned up in the hope of seeing a grudge-race between two great millers. One was Britain's own Sidney Wooderson, the other the American runner, Blaine Ridout.

In a race over the mile distance at Princeton, U.S.A., two months before, Wooderson had lost to Ridout—principally, in that opinion of the experts, because he had been badly bumped on the turns. This was to be a return match, and some suspected a revenge match too.

But it did not quite work out that way. Wooderson had to scurry because of a twisted muscle. Ridout automatically became the favourite. When the gun went off and the runners went into the first curve, however, it was noticed that Ridout was having difficulty.

Each time he tried to pass, one of the other competitors seemed to be in occupation of the lane. The excitement among the crowd began to mount. Boos and catcalls were heard as Ridout was seen to be fighting with arms and elbows, to make his way through.

He did not succeed in doing so until the final straight, and then it was too late. The Englishman, Pell, was in the lead. He finished in 4 min. 55.2 sec., with Ridout lying fourth and obviously mentally as well as physically distressed.

No smile...

He was photographed with the winner, but refused to smile. He told reporters, "I am not going to protest about the race." To which a sports writer added the comment:—

"I should think not. He was outwitted and outpaced. He tried to get out by force. It didn't work."

This little episode in the friendly world of sport was only one of the poignant episodes of the Bank Holiday weekend.

There were queues outside the cinemas for Gary Cooper in *Deauville*, whose cast included a small-part player named Susan Hayward, for a light comedian named David Niven in *Bachelor Mother*, and Grace Fields in *Shipyard Sally*.

In her home at Peacehaven, in Sussex, Grace herself was opening a telegram from the Queen congratulating her on her recovery from a serious operation. And great crowds gathered outside to cheer her, while B.B.C. engineers rigged up lines so that she could broadcast her thanks to the people.

"Who cares about Adolf?" shouted a speaker in Hyde Park. But her skipper, Captain Invern-

In Margate a crowd at a community concert sang: "I'm Danzig with tears in my eyes."

Everyone was out to have fun, that Bank Holiday. They crowded the pubs for whisky or gin at eightpence a nip, and cigarettes at a shilling for 20.

And do you know what story caused most discussion? It was a strange organisation called The Link, which had supporters in some most influential British quarters, chose the holiday weekend to issue a pamphlet called "The Case for Germany" in which its author, Professor

"I won't hear a word against him," she told the British public. "He slaps his thighs and is always making jokes against himself. He is absolutely the nicest man I know."

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concerned a housewife named Mrs. Florence Starkey of Watford, who had summoned her husband for whipping her.

Every time she gave him a punishment for giving him a "spank" in court she withdrew the charge, and told the magistrate she no longer had any complaints against her husband.

"If I give him a spank, he has a right to thrash me," she said. "Leave this case," she told the magistrate, sternly, "and try to remember that you are a woman, not a dog."

Yet it would be wrong to characterise the mood of the British people as feckless, unerring in those twilight hours of 1939.

When a snap poll was taken by a reporter at Margate of 15 random holidaymakers he met along the prom, he asked them:—

"Do you think Hitler will get Danzig?" Five replied: Yes, six No, and four were undecided.

"Do you think we should go to war to defend Danzig?" Seven said Yes, four No, four were undecided.

"Do you think there will be war?" Eight said No, four Yes, and three were undecided.

But when they were asked: "Do you think Hitler wants war?" all 15 answered NO. HE'S BLUFFING.

George Bernard Shaw weighed in with a pronouncement of his own.

"The Jews will be Hitler's ruin in the long run," he said, "even if they perish with him."

His war became more imminent? No, the peace at present is maintained by funk. Anything that intensifies funk makes for peace.

A lasting peace is a dream, but any statesman who is not desperately afraid of starting a campaign should be sent to a mental hospital.

Even while the Irish sage was making these remarks, police at Plymouth were discovering that the Royal Marines War Memorial had been daubed in red paint with a swastika, with the words: "Hell Hitler!" underneath.

Who was responsible for the vandalism? Suspicion fell upon the crew of the only German merchantman, the E. RUSS, in Plymouth harbour at the time.

But her skipper, Captain Invern-

stoutly denied that any of his men could be blamed.

"Such a happening, if a German did it, would be a disaster to the National Socialist Party," he said. "We are all Nazis in this ship. It is the Jews who have done it just to discredit us. I am sure of it."

Demonstration

A plump and ebullient blonde American dancer of 19 named Miriam Verne landed in England after triumphing in a version of *The Merry Widow* at the Opera House in Munich. Hitler was in the royal box. Afterwards he sent Miriam a bouquet and invited her to supper.

"I won't hear a word against him," she told the British public. "He slaps his thighs and is always making jokes against himself. He is absolutely the nicest man I know."

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REMEMBER Sir Malcolm Campbell and his speedboat Blue Bird? With him is a 1959 record-breaker—his son Donald, then 18.



REMEMBER the girl in this picture? She was one of the early (1939) Hitlerbungs. Her partner is Frank Albertson. They were in a film called "Bachelor Mother." Placed the girl yet? Why... Ginger Rogers, of course.

Action

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An adventure

The mood in 1939 was nothing like so filled with overtones. True, there were thousands of thoughtful people who realised the significance of what was happening as they switched off their lights. Many a parent looked in anguish and fear as their children began to ask questions.

But save for a few boisterous folk who heaved bricks through the shop-windows they found still lighted, the blackout went through as an adventure. In Piccadilly Circus the crowd clasped hands and loudly sang: "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

Next morning London and the other big cities of the nation were ringed with the dipping, blot-shapes of the barrage balloons, riding clumsily in a blue and grey patchwork sky.

There was a picture in the paper of Major Anthony Eden, M.P. (he had resigned from the Cabinet as a protest against refusal to impose sanctions on Italy after that country invaded Abyssinia), marching off to camp with his battalion of Territorials.

National Service Volunteers were complaining about the food they were being served. "Do you know what they gave us for breakfast this morning?" asked one young soldier. "Bacon and prunes! Turns you up, don't it?"

True, Hitler was still ranting. True, there were troop movements all over Germany, and concentrations on the frontiers of the Polish Corridor.

But the Day came, and Hitler did not attack. "This was the Day Hitler was Strike," said the headlines in the newspapers. "The Attack that Never Came."

In pubs, in Whitehall, and in the Cabinet, everyone breathed again.

"Hitler's on the run," they said. But was he?

Whitehall had always had its tame strategists who were convinced that Hitler would never make war so long as two factors in the situation remained constant—first, that Britain and her Allies showed themselves resolutely determined to fight any further aggression, and second, that the attitude of Russia towards the Western Allies remained friendly or, at worst, neutral.

"Hitler doesn't make war in the West unless he can be sure he's safe in the East," they said. And that meant there was nothing to worry about. Hitler and Nazi Germany stood for everything that Communist Russia hated. They would never form up with the Fascist hordes.

The Cabinet was so sure of this that it was only with great reluctance that it had sent a delegation to Russia to talk about a military pact with the Soviet Government.

First it sent a political delegation under the leadership of Sir William Strang. They had no power and few plans. This

was followed by the military delegation. This party had sailed—by slow boat—to Russia at the beginning of August. Its leader was a man with a long name but severely curtailed powers, Admiral Sir Plunkett-Erle-Drax. He talked all through August with Stalin's aides, Molotov and Mikoyan, without much result.

What the British Government did not know was that the Russians were thinking of dumping the Allies and making a pact with Hitler all the time they were talking to Plunkett-Erle-Drax.

Stalin was convinced that war was coming. He was resolved to have no part of it, but to stand aside instead and let Germany and the Allies clash in a devastating war—after which he would move in and pick up the pieces.

So even while the British delegation were talking—and getting nowhere—an intrigue was set in train by Stalin that was to have momentous consequences for the world.

Supper plot

One evening in Berlin the charge d'affaires at the Soviet Embassy, Astakhov, invited the Bulgarian Minister to Berlin, Dragunov, to supper.

Astakhov and Dragunov... They sound like characters out of a Ruritanian play. Between them they helped to change the face of the world.

Dragunov was known to be pro-Nazi and to have the ear of the German Foreign Office. And over caviar and champagne, a conversation took place that was as Balkan in its character as its two participants' names.

The Russian, Astakhov, talked all through supper about Russia's desire to come to terms with Germany. He said that the Soviets felt themselves vulnerable.

If only Germany would undertake not to attack the Soviet Union, he would make some non-aggression pact with them, the Soviet Union would probably refrain from concluding a treaty with Britain.

Instead, Dragunov woke up next morning, the first thing he asked himself was: "Why on earth did the Soviet charge d'affaires say all those sensational things to me?"

It did not take him long to come to the right answer. He called his car and went round to the German Foreign Office, where he imparted his information to a high Nazi official named Weermann, who o presently conveyed it to his chief, von Ribbentrop, who took it on to Hitler.

And it was this information—not the blackout and gestures of defence in Britain—which persuaded Adolf Hitler not to move, as he had planned on August 15.

Instead, realising that time was now on his side, he told his army and air force to hold their hand. And he sent his envoys to Moscow to talk with Stalin.

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DID IT HAPPEN?
Another story to keep you guessing.

ADMIRALTY EXPERT

The one-man submarine went on sinking. I started the motor and pulled the joystick right back — but nothing seemed to happen.

By **DAVID HOWARTH**



David Howarth has written two best sellers, *The Shetland Bus* and *We Die Alone*. The first of these was the record of his own experiences as an RNVR officer involved in gun-running in Norway. Before the war he was a BBC Talks Producer. Now he lives at Westerham, in Kent, with his wife and three children.

"HULLO, Howarth," the Training Lieutenant commander said, "I'm delighted to see you. Now you can tell us all the mistakes we're making." This was extremely queer, because I was a sub-lieutenant RNVR, which is generally supposed to be the lowest form of life, and I was joining his ship, I thought, for a short beginner's course in one-man submarines. She was a converted merchant ship, lying in a sea loch in the west of Scotland, and we were standing on deck among a litter of baby submarines. I had never seen one before, or been to sea in any kind of submarine.

The lieutenant-commander took me to the wardroom and gave me a pink gin and said: "The trouble with you experts is you don't come to see us often enough."

I really did try hard to tell him I was an expert, at least in one-man submarines; but he laughed that off as modesty.

An attack

"Anyone can drive them," he said. "What we want to know is what you Admiralty fellows are going to use them for."

There is a moral to this story, and I might as well state it at once: Don't let your head be turned by gin and flattery, even from someone so superior as a lieutenant-commander. The trouble was that I did know what his submarines were going to be used for.

In fact, I had been told to plan an attack by them, and that was why I had asked for a chance to try them for myself. But, of course, the plans were secret, and I hadn't been told I could tell him about them. The more secretive I became, the more he was convinced of my superior Whitehall wisdom.

Looking back, I can see it was only common sense for him to assume that anyone working on operational plans for a specialised weapon would know how the weapon worked. But, as we all know now, things are seldom so simple in wartime.

Anyhow, I almost began to believe what he seemed to imply;

that driving the things was just child's play for someone as brainy as me. To be on the safe side, I did persuade him to lend me a diagram and I studied it that night in my cabin.

The submarine was about 15ft. long, so far as I remember, and about two feet in diameter, with a steel dome in the middle with narrow horizontal-slit windows in it. You sat with your legs in the body of it and your head in the dome. The basic controls were certainly simple; an aircraft joystick for steering horizontally and up and down and a speed control for the electric motor.

Above one's head in the dome was a lever which let air out of the ballast tanks to submerge, and down on the right was a small knob which let compressed air out of a cylinder to blow the tanks when you wanted to surface.

There were a lot of other gadgets which I didn't reckon I would have to bother with, and there was a tap which would flood the submarine in an emergency, till the pressure inside was equal to the pressure outside.

Then, in theory, you could open the lid of the dome and escape. The lieutenant-commander pointed it out to me. "I shouldn't turn that unless you really want to," he said. "Nobody's tried it yet."

Next morning

So the next morning, when I was handed over to a chief petty officer and a submarine was hoisted over the side for me, I went down the ladder sudden with flattery and confidence. I wriggled down through the open dome. For someone over six feet, it was like getting into a small sports car.

The CPO took my cap; it was obvious there wasn't room for it on my head.

"Better submerge alongside for a couple of feet, sir," he said, "just to check her trim."

Then he clanged the lid down on top of me and I locked it. It completely shut off the sounds from outside, the bustle and voices and machinery and the lap of water.

There was a narrow view through the slit windows, a few inches above the water. I recognised the joystick between my knees, and the knobs and levers from the drawing. There was a depth gauge, and a compass and a clock.

Curious sight

I felt above my head and pulled the lever to submerge and the boat slowly began to sink. Small waves lapped against the windows, then the water covered them, and I saw the curious sight of the surface of the sea from underneath.

Before I had time to admire it much, the basic controls disappeared out of sight above me. Then there was nothing outside but a green light. It seemed to be fading, rather quickly. Slightly surprised, I looked at the depth gauge. It said 25 feet, and the needle was going round as fast as the second hand of a watch.

Before I had collected my wits, it was pitch dark, except for the needle of the depth gauge, which was luminous. I watched it go right round the dial to 50 feet, which was as far as it could go.

The boat went on sinking. I started the motor and pulled the joystick right back, but nothing seemed to happen. After a very long time, there was the faintest jar, and the boat tilted down by the nose. She was on the bottom.

I think it was the abruptness of it all that was most alarming, the sudden transition from the cheerful activity and the sunlight and the paternal CPO and my own ridiculous self-confidence: from that to the absolute darkness and silence of the bottom of the sea, to being irretrievably locked in and alone in a space so confined that one couldn't move more than a man in a coffin.

I didn't know how long it would take them to find me and dredge me up, if they could find me at all, or how long the air was supposed to last. I didn't know how deep I was, except that I was much deeper than the depth gauge was meant to go. I was very frightened.

The diagram

But anyhow I remembered the diagram. There were three knobs on the right-hand side, and the middle one was the one which blew the tanks. I felt for them and found the middle one and tried to turn it. It would not turn at all. I tried to think of all the air cocks I had seen. I pushed it and pulled it, and tried to turn it backwards, but it would not move in any direction, and nothing happened.

The panic of being shut in is a most disagreeable sensation. It started to rise in me and I started to talk to myself, which I do not remember ever having done before. I said: "If you keep your head there's a way

out of this. If not, there isn't." I knew that was the right knob. It must turn anti-clockwise. There was no reason why they should have fitted any other kind.

I felt it all over very carefully. It was very small, about the size of a radio knob, and there were two thin pipes leading away from it, but I could not reach far enough to trace where they went to.

Fragile thing

It seemed a fragile thing, and if it was the right cock it was full of high-pressure air. I could feel it all bend when I twisted it hard, and I was afraid if I tried too hard I would break it and be killed stone dead by the pressure. It would release in the hull of the boat.

But after another long pause to think I couldn't see any alternative to brute force. I took off my shoe and hit the knob. That did no good. Then I took out my handkerchief, and twisted it round the knob to get a better grip, and put all my strength on it.

Suddenly something gave way. And after taking a second to discover I wasn't dead, I heard air hissing into the tanks.

After it had hissed for a bit, it began to bubble, and I deduced that the tanks were full of air and overflowing. I turned the air off, and the dead silence returned. But the nose stayed tilted down. I waited. In the hope that she was rising slowly, but I really knew what had happened: even with full buoyancy, she was still stuck in the mud. I tried to rock her from side to side, but in the dark I could not tell if she was moving.

The effort made me breathe faster, and I thought of the oxygen I was using, so I stopped and just sat there. I could not think of anything else to do. I wondered about the tap which no one had ever tried. Then, for no reason at all, I felt her come unstuck.

Depth gauge

She went up nearly as quickly as she had gone down. When she got to 50ft., the depth gauge gave a jerk and began to fall so fast that a new worry put all the others out of my head. I remembered the ship above me. What would happen if I hit it hard on its bottom?

I imagined getting tangled up underneath it, with the submarine denting and leaking. So I let out some air from the tanks, and the rate of ascent slowed down.

Just as it was getting light, the depth gauge stopped moving and I glanced out of the slit and saw an enormous propeller a few feet in front of me, and then she began to sink again. This time she went slower, but she was on the bottom again before I could get the air knob to turn.

In telling this story I have the same difficulty as thriller writers have: everyone knows our hero gets out in the end. I have to admit that a new worry put all the others out of my head. I was beginning to get the hang of her. She came up at a more decorous speed, and I staid her at 30 feet and started the motor.

Like a cork

I even remembered to steer a course towards the middle of the loch. Then I blew the tanks and bobbed up like a cork. I had been down there 30 minutes. Feeling round, I saw a crowd of men staring with interest at the spot where I had sunk. Among them was the lieutenant-commander, looking rather pale and not very pleased. I noticed alongside. The chief petty officer lifted the lid off me.

"Thought you were a gonor, sir," he said.

He was still holding my cap.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above. The answer is on P. 11. (London Express Article)



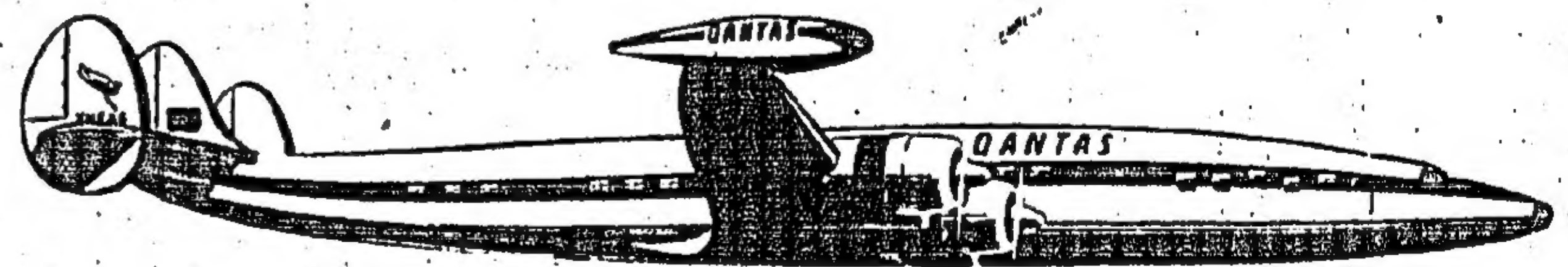
"Better submerge alongside, Sir."

Just Fancy That!

London.
THERE'S a job opening at the Tower of London for a raven. Six ravens flap around the tower grounds among the Beefeaters and fur-hatted Guardsmen. They have been there since anyone can remember, and the Tower dates from the 13th Century. Cora, Corax, Cronk, Gunn, and Garvie are still on active duty, but as for Kala, nevermore. Kala is dead and a new bird is needed.
Pay is two shillings four pence a day, which is used to buy meat and scraps for the ravens.

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HKIN129

JACOBY on BRIDGE

Many Conventions Fix Slam Soup

THE game was match point duplicate and North and South were experts playing together for the first time. Needless to say each was out to impress his partner and therefore North suspected a psychic when West was able to overcall his partner's opening bid.

NORTH
♠ A Q 10 6 4 3
♥ A K 7 2
♦ A 8 5
♣ None

WEST
♠ J
♥ 10 6 4 3
♦ A Q 10 8 6 4 2
♣ K 3

EAST
♠ 8 7 5
♥ 9 8
♦ J 10 7 2
♣ J 9 7 5

SOUTH (D)
♠ K Q 2
♥ Q J 10 6 4
♦ K Q
♣ K 3

North and South vulnerable

South West North East
1 ♠ 2 ♠ Pass
3 ♥ Pass 4 N.T. Pass
5 ♠ Pass 5 N.T. Pass
6 ♠ Pass 7 ♥ Pass
7 N.T. Double Pass
Pass
Opening lead—♦ J

North could have bid seven hearts right away but decided to check for kings first as an extra precaution.

Unfortunately, South had also played on the five no-trump check for kings guarantee that the partnership possessed all four aces so South now went from seven hearts to seven no-trump. He wanted that extra 10 points for a top score.

Strangely enough he got a super top score. West doubled the slam and East decided that the bid called for an unusual lead. He chose the jack of diamonds as his unusual lead and the entire club suit went to sleep.

CHORDS

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass
3 ♥ Pass 4 ♥ Pass
4 N.T. Pass 5 ♥ Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A K 5 ♥ K 10 ♦ 7 ♣ A K J 6 5
What do you do now?
A—Bid five no-trump to tell your partner that you have the other two aces. If he bids seven you will like it. If he bids six clubs you will pass and if he bids six diamonds to show a king you will bid six no-trump.

TODAY'S QUESTION

You hold the same hand. Your partner has responded one diamond to your opening club bid. What do you do?

Answers on Monday

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem specially contributed by F. L. Baxter (Oxford). White to play and mate in two moves. 1. Kt: P1, K: K2; 2. Bx: R2 ch. K: R2; 3. R—B7 ch. K—B1; 4. Q—K6. Resigns.

London Express Article

LIBERATION DAY—1945

by DAVID JOHN

I LANDED in Hongkong with the reoccupying forces on September 17, 1945, as a subaltern in 5th Indian Anti-Tank Battery, part of 3 Commando Brigade.

Our first task was to guard 14,000 Japanese soldiers and sailors in Shamshuipo camp, then after about five months we moved to Fanling and set up two frontier posts.

I was in charge at Shataukok. During this period the Officer's Mess was the Governor's House and the IORs lived in the Club house. We left Hongkong for Java after about a year.

So began the letter of David John, author of this special Liberation Day feature from faraway Wiltshire.

Here he presents a number of Liberation Day snippets—fragments from the past—as a poignant yet happy reminder of that great day fourteen years ago when the Colony of Hongkong was liberated from Japanese occupation.

1. Heroes' Reception

We had wallowed across the Pacific in a flat-bottomed LST. On September 17, 1945 Hongkong gave in sight. What lay in store for us? Would the Japanese garrison fight or surrender? Would they commit murder and

rapine before we arrived? We crouched in the bows equipped in all our military accoutrements: below decks the drivers revved their engines for a quick deployment.

Was the harbour mined? Would we run ashore without difficulty? Grim-faced and with certainly one very hollow stomach we prepared for the worst.

The bows crunched ashore. Clutching my steel

helmet in one hand and revolver in the other I leaped onto ground that neither pitched nor rolled. I fell over.

Without ceremony I was helped to my feet by a friendly hand.

The first words I heard as I reached our objective were, "You come my place, sah. Velly good food, all hot. Plenty drink. Plenty dancing girls. Velly nice, sah."

2. Dinner Dance

When the Japanese forces occupied Hongkong not all the civilians were interned; some found collaboration expedient.

One such, a British woman engaged to a young man, was frequently to be seen riding in a high-ranking Japanese officer in his staff car.

It would be unjust to say she became his mistress, however, for small concessions over food and fuel she had her uses on a number of social occasions.

The liberating forces arranged dances in the Peninsula Hotel.

Everybody got out their long-unwashed frocks and made merry. The women, sleek and well-groomed as ever, swayed in the arms of a handsome Captain of Marines.

As the music stopped her ex-fiance stumbled through the crowded ballroom. Gaunt and almost in rags after years of privation and imprisonment his voice, lashed through the sudden silence, "How does it feel?" he said, "to be dancing with somebody taller than yourself?"

3. The Sensible Fish

'Business as usual' was the cry in certain quarters: 'Asia for the Asians!' echoed the Japanese occupiers.

In Harry's Parlour the menu was now printed in Japanese. Officers, looking like tallors' dummies in their tight uniforms bowed and hissed to each other across the luxurious restaurant. Small men with bandy legs and hairy hands perched at his bar—it was a joke in the Colony that Harry had to get higher stools.

It was not correct, they said, that Officers of the Imperial Japanese Army should dine at a restaurant owned by a British subject. It was a matter of face. Swiftly Harry took the hint. There was a small ceremony followed by a banquet and saki. Harry publicly disavowed his citizenship.

In 1945 Harry wanted to visit his relations in Canton. The authorities didn't spare his face when he applied for a new passport.

4. All's Fair

We had a damn good meal in the early days: even the well-stocked Navy patronised our bar. By omitting the little abbreviation (Ind) on the Naafi indent we were drawing beer for 180. Other ranks and spirits for fifteen senior NCOs, as well as our officers' rations. And Montem troops don't drink!

Parade didn't last, however. One day the Naafi manager spotted my Punjabi driver and the cat was out of the bag. Fortunately my Battery Commander pulled some strings.

I thought that his 'official rocket' was delivered with a twinkle in his eye and a touch of sadness in his voice.

5. Revenge

Shamshuipo 1945. Fourteen thousand Japanese safely tucked behind barbed wire. Dark-skinned Punjabis prowling the perimeter just waiting for one of them to try and escape. We had a visitor, a young Portuguese boy who had been interned in this very camp. Might he see his old hut, he asked? He was pale and deeply affected.

We found a surly Japanese Major. The boy recognised him and told me a story:

In a dance hall one evening the Major arrived with an armed escort. He requested a dance with a lovely young Portuguese girl. She refused. The Major segregated the sexes, lining the men up on one side and the women on the other.

He made a speech, the usual thing about the superiority of the Japanese people and the might of Nippon. He said they needed a lesson. He marched down the line of girls. In front of each he stopped and stared. Before passing on to the next he slapped them hard, twice, on both sides of the face. Some fell under his blows, some screamed, most stood bravely silent.

I told the boy I had business in the orderly room. I would be back in fifteen minutes.

The following day the Major was admitted to hospital suffering from multiple lacerations and bruises.

Rough justice if you like, but a girl's honour had been avenged.

6. A Fair Copy

Just off Shamshuipo we found some canoes that the Japs had used. Now they were mostly broken and there was only one paddle, badly warped.

Three carpenters were produced from the camp. Yes, they could repair the canoes and make some more paddles like this one.

For a week we heard nothing. Then the head carpenter came bowing to us. The canoes were ready, would we honour him by observing his craftsmanship?

We strolled to the water's edge. The boats lay there glistening with new paint. They had done a good job.

The paddles lay in a bundle with the original beside them. I picked them up for inspection. Each was an exact replica of the original. An exact replica down to the bad warp in the wood.

7. 'On Parade!'

A sleazy joint Hongkong side. Painted taxi-dancers, American sailors and a couple of British Commandos. A careless word, an insult and a blow. Soon fists were flying and skirts scampering for cover.

One of the Commandos seized the trumpet's instrument and blew a rallying call. Quickly they came. From the street, cinemas, cafes, bars, and doss houses commandos answered the appeal.

Swiftly the American sailors were engaged. They put up a good battle but one by one they were knocked cold.

The Commandos collected the bodies and lay them with military precision side by side on the floor, boots just touching the wall. Silently they left, the last British soldier pausing only to ring the Military Police.

"There's been a bit of trouble," he said. "There's some Yank sailors here, but they're too bloody drunk to move."

8. The Painter

Chatting to our Japanese interpreter one day I learned that he had learnt English by studying art in London and Paris for seven years before the war.

Quickly we found him canvas, brushes and paint. Heavily guarded he was escorted from the P.O. Camp and set up in a suitable position.

The man was a genius. His pictures breathed life. Amazingly he infused the scenes he painted with an oriental eye for delicacy and detail. Soon the escort was forgotten and our artist given a truck and driver to take him wherever he liked.

We hung the pictures in the mess and when the Battery finally left they were shared out between us. I wonder if that gentle Japanese artist is still painting his pleasing landscapes?

9. Mutual Aid

We established a frontier post a mile or so short of Shataukok. The guard was armed with a list of articles prohibited to be exported.

A fat Chinese man arrived in a large American car. It was hot and he sweated as they brought him to my hut. He shook me amiably by the hand. It was great to see us, he said. It was great to see you Britishers again. I winced and enquired his business while he mopped his face.

Over a cup of tea he explained that he travelled this way quite frequently. He would like to bring eggs and fish for the soldiers—he knew what Army rations were like, he laughed. Of course there would also be a regular supply of chicken for me, whenever I wanted one, in fact.

From the boot of his car came three crates of eggs and a nice plump bird ready drawn. With a wave of his hand my amiable friend departed.

A week later the first of his forries came through my post. It was laden with goods for China—all on the export Black List. We turned the driver round and pointed him back towards Kowloon.

Alas, we never received any more eggs or chickens.

10. A Good Ear For Music

Richard, my brother officer, considered himself musical. He and I met a charming Chinese family and were invited to their house.

Their daughter, Betty, was the most exquisitely beautiful girl I have ever seen. Her face was round and smooth, her eyes long black ellipses which twinkled above her embroidered cheongsam.

Demurely she was presented to us. Demurely she was persuaded to play. Betty explained that although she had the score of the 'Warawara Concerto' she had never heard it played. Would we be good enough to criticise her?

She sat at the piano and I watched her alabaster skin and delicate hands, convinced that such tiny, pure instruments would never have the strength to play this highly emotional piece.

I heard Richard draw in his breath with artistic appreciation and he later told me that her rendering was quite amazing. I was watching the nape of her neck as she bent over the keys.

When she finished Richard burst into a round of enthusiastic applause. He was on his feet. This was wonderful! He began to talk excitedly to Betty, leaning over her shoulder, while she hung on his every word.

Sadly I left them and joined our hostess on the sofa. I'm afraid I made poor conversation. I was too busy asking myself, why, why was I not musical?

ARE THE GOSPELS REALLY TRUE? PART TWO

The riddle of Christ's lost years

by GEOFFREY ASHE

THIS, the Arab explained, was the deepest place on the earth's surface. Deeper even than Death Valley. A quarter of a mile below sea-level.

The sun blazed down, the stifling air hanging without movement over the rocks and dust.

From my table at what was called the Lido I looked out over the sinister blue water of the Dead Sea.

Heavy with dissolved salt and poison, it kills fish and offers no welcome to human swimmers, who bob clumsily, unable to sink, and go about salt-crusted and itching for days afterwards. Fumes hover above it. Sticky ripples crawl on the beach.

The Dead Sea fills the southern end of a monstrous crack in the earth's crust. From Galilee, away to the north, the green Jordan wanders through this crack past tropical vegetation—palm, oranges, bananas. Then it loses itself in the Dead Sea, under the barren silence of the brown ranges on either side. One of these is the rampart of the Judean wilderness.

As I look in the scene, I wondered if that silence held the clue to another silence, perhaps the strangest in history.

The writers of the Gospels say nothing whatsoever of Jesus between the age of 12 and 30.

Amazing gap

That gap is so amazing, I think we must count it as a point in their favour. If they were making their story up they would surely have thought of something to put in.

But we must still ask whether the silence can be made to look plausible. If the Gospels leave an unexplained blank, it becomes a question of whether the men who wrote them knew their job.

All kinds of theories have been put forward to account for these lost years. A journey to India has been suggested. There is even a well-known legend which brings Jesus to Britain, where he is said to have visited Cornwall and lived in Somerset. A more plausible idea is that the lost years were partly spent in a kind of monastery or hermit-community in Palestine, withdrawn from the world.

Without jumping to any conclusions, let us consider how Jesus makes his entry when he does at last reappear, and who is the first person whom he seeks out.

He has been at his family home in Nazareth, visiting at least, if not living there. From there he comes to the bank of the

Jordan near Jericho, just before the river reaches the Dead Sea. The distance from Nazareth is about 70 miles. He makes this long journey to be baptised by a popular preacher, a cousin of his, about his own age. It is John the Baptist.

John is a stern prophet out of the desert. He has been calling on the Jews to repent and confess their sins. At the same time he claims little or nothing for himself. He is simply a forerunner, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

His meeting with the Saviour is to be the climax and the close of his mission.

Where, why?

But the most important information in the Gospels is that John has been dwelling in the desert for years, ever since boyhood.

Where, how, why?

The desert is the desert of eastern Judaea. It is a place of appalling heat and there are valleys that drop away through the rocks to the water's edge. And we know how thoroughly John belongs in this place. He is not a lonely, mysterious fanatic. He fits into a setting—the setting of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Retrieved by a near-miracle from crannies in the rock at Qumran, used by Bedouins to mend sandals, left apart and flung away together, spelt out by electronic machines, the Scrolls are part of a library that opens a door on the Jewish religious mind of that age.

They are a bridge between the Testaments. They contain books of Scripture, poems, prophecies, and detailed rules for a group of Jewish monks who sought to break away from the corruption of the time.

They were monks, founded an operative settlement on the edge of the desert.

At the beginning of the Christian era there were several of these Dead Sea groups, with monks working together, and hermits and other holy men loosely attached.

They chose that weird solitude on purpose. Far from everyday walks of life and common concerns, under a fearful, uncompromising light that seemed to burn away almost

everything but Man and God, they studied and laboured and waited for Israel's salvation.

The religious life of the desert which the Scrolls reveal tallies exactly with what is told about John the Baptist in the Gospels.

John's urgent tone, his call to repent, his expectation of the Saviour, even the phrase about "preparing the way of the Lord in the wilderness"—all are echoes of the Qumran texts. One of these texts refers to the actual rite of baptism as "John performed it."

John the Baptist is therefore thoroughly convincing. But have we the key here to another problem—the problem of the "lost years" of Jesus?

This suggestion was made long before the Scrolls were discovered. It has always been known in a vague way that settlements did exist near the Dead Sea. The Jewish historian Josephus mentions a sect of "Essenes," and some have argued that Jesus must have lived and studied in an Essene community.

The authors of the Scrolls belonged, perhaps, to this sect. Certainly the Essenes lived a communal life. They observed a strict form of the Jewish faith, eating no meat. They were said to be very learned. Many were doctors and mind-healers.

Support

So the Gospels, and the other New Testament books that go with them, have found fresh support.

They portray John the Baptist—and he has turned out to be entirely believable as a figure from the desert.

They portray the early Church—and its rules turn out to have been largely fore-shadowed in that same desert.

They use phrases and quite texts which are in the Dead Sea volumes as well.

THE CURE

Tantalisingly little was ever put on record, and the Essenes have a fascination for many who have tried to find out the truth. There are still men who profess to carry on the tradition.

Few people know that the late Sir Stanford Cripps, the Socialist Governor of Palestine, was a vegetarian himself because of Essene teaching.

Before the war he almost had to give up his career owing to ill-health. Then a friend recommended a doctor named Szekely, who prescribed a new diet. This brought a rapid and mysterious cure.

I have met one of Szekely's co-workers, and read some of his books. The doctor claims to be using Essene secrets taken from little-known documents of the sect. He has scored interesting successes.

Rightly or wrongly, Szekely is convinced that he has the clue to the Gospels. In his book *The Origin of Christianity*, he argues that Jesus was actually head of the Essenes.

When the first Dead Sea Scrolls were deciphered, it looked for a while as if they were powerfully in favour of such a belief. Scholars announced that they were Essene scriptures, that they spoke of a Son of God and a

BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris

ILL LOOK INSIDE, PAMI MAYBE WE CAN GET THE RADIO TO WORK...

BE CAREFUL! BRICK! THERE'S MORE THAN ONE PERSON HERE AT ONE TIME!

THIS MATCH IS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!

THERE ARE OTHERS... IF IT'S LOCKED, IT MEANS SOMEONE IS INSIDE!

I GET IT! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TWO MEN! THEY QUARRELED! PROBABLY OVER RATIONS...

ONE TOOK REFUGE IN THE TANK, THE OTHER WAS LEFT TO DROWN! WHY DIDN'T THE INSIDE MAN CRASH HIS CHART?

NEW Lady Sheaffer

Never before a fountain pen to express your personal taste in fine jewelry. Never goes near an ink bottle. Never used drop-in cartridges of cheap writing fluid.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE TWO FACES OF EARTHA

THURSDAY'S CHILD EARTHA HAS GONE FAR



SHE was born in America's Deep South. A dozen times she almost starved to death before her mother sent her to live with an aunt in New York. There she merely went hungry. She grew up into an ugly, stand-offish child with red hair and a score of chips on each shoulder. She felt unloved and unwanted. "You'll come to a bad end," prophesied her aunt.

Yet that same girl once walked straight up to Sir Winston Churchill, stuck out her hand and announced: "I'm Eartha Kitt."

£10,000 Mink

The girl who once couldn't afford to pay for her school lunches can now stroll into a Paris couture salon, point to a £10,000 blonde mink and say casually: "I'll have that."

Thursday's child—as she called herself in her savage, bitter autobiography—has come a very long way from the miseries of the Deep South.

She has been presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, argued about politics with Pandit Nehru, and discussed Einstein's theories with the great man himself. She can speak seven languages, including Turkish.

One of the highest-paid stars in show business, Eartha can command several thousands of pounds for a single night's work. Her sultry, molten-honey-over-gravel voice collects her star billing wherever she sings—to the tune of £85,000 a year.

One night was Orson Welles, busily searching Europe for a cool, blonde actress to star opposite him in "Helen of Troy."

Captivated by the dark, sizzling Eartha, he called off his hunt for a blonde, christened her the Most Exciting Woman in the World, and took her on tour with him as Helen. Together they were sensational.

Critics Raved

A little later Eartha caused a sensation of her own when she appeared in a short revue film called "New Faces." To her own arrangement and choreography she sang her now-famous "Monotonous." And the critics raved.

So Eartha Kitt became a star. But fame and fortune didn't change the woman behind the star. Once she said: "I feel as though Eartha Kitt were a friend of mine who is doing rather well, and I am proud of her, but a little surprised."

Still remote, still insecure, she defies publicity stunts to build her up as "Eartha the Man-Eater" by being rude and off-putting to almost everyone.

She makes a luxurious living singing bad-girl songs—and insists that she's just a down-to-earth girl at heart. "I like to read," she says, "and reflect. And cook the odd meal."

Big Break

It all started when she went for an audition with the Katherine Dunham troupe of coloured dancers—and won a scholarship for a few pounds a week. The Dunham dancers took her all over Europe—to London, Paris, Stockholm....

In Paris she left the troupe, worked out a solo cabaret act for herself and got a job in one of Paris's most fashionable nightclubs.

Then came her first big break for stardom. In the audience

New Cook Books

COOKS who think for themselves can take a vacation this summer—from thinking, not cooking.

New cookbooks that do all your party menu planning are almost as numerous as mosquitoes at a barbecue. They offer guidance for serving six guests or 600. Some make good use of the hasty cook's best friend, a can opener.

Among the most helpful volumes are the "Farm Journal's Country Cookbook" (Doubleday) and "Thoughts for Buffets" (Houghton Mifflin).

The first includes substantial rural fare and Americanized foreign specialties. For instance, French pommes de terre soufflés are billed as puffed-up potatoes.

The buffet book would make a good gift for brides not yet expert at gauging meal preparation time. Each menu has a schedule showing which dishes may be prepared a few hours, a day or weeks ahead.

Also recommended for brides is a revised, enlarged edition of "The Chafing Dish Cookbook" (Prentice-Hall), by John and Marie Roberson, with step-by-step directions for recipes.

"VIP Tosses a Party" (Simon and Schuster) by William McGintyre, with 100 cartoon illustrations by Virgil Parich, is the kind of cookbook you pass with the canapés. It could cut your food bill. Your guests may laugh so hard they'll eat less.

For guests on a low-fat diet, "Eat Well and Stay Well" (Doubleday) by Anne and Margaret Keys suggests appropriate menus and recipes. "Presure of Personal Ideas" (Greenwich) by Mary Mounts



THINGS TO COME

Chicago. A STORE architect dreams out of the air. Ernst said. "Maybe my tongue's in cheek a bit, but what I'm talking about either is available today somewhere in industry or in some stage of development."

One thing will remain unchanged, Ernst said. That is the "horse trading instinct that's in every housewife"—her insistence that she have a chance to look, compare and select.

"Food stores definitely are getting larger and larger," he said. "So we're going to need revolutionary conveniences to make it easy for women to shop."

The store architect said high land costs will force construction of multiplexed, pigeon-stall parking lots. The shopper will drive her helicar into a ramp where an automatic mechanism will lower a coded card and store the vehicle.

The housewife, Ernst said, will step into a "sidewalk elevator," enclosed in a tunnel of clear plastic with a controlled temperature of 75 degrees. The moving belt will carry her, at six to 12 miles an hour, into the supermarket—probably a huge circular dome.

If she wishes, she will be able to prepare the evening dinner in an electronic oven in the market's delicatessen department, stick it in an automatic thermal wrapper and arrive home with a piping hot meal all ready for Dad and the kids.

This view of grocery shopping, 1975 style, comes from Ralph Ernst, store engineer and consulting architect of the National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States.

PALE PINK FOR MEN?

By PAT BOWLER

"BRIGHTER clothes for men," said the circular on my desk. And it went on to review the possibility of the drab hangover from the latter half of the 19th century being ousted by the gay colourfulness of the early 1800s.

It's an awful thought that leaders of today's male fashions are actually rebelling against the dark-suits-white-shirts regime, and are considering the idea of putting women completely in the shade by designing excessively bright clothes for men.

What girl worth her salt could bear to be seen with her boyfriend when he is the focus of attention?

It's more than the female sense of pride could bear. Could you imagine, after all these years of female superiority in the matter of clothes, that the menfolk would take the lead in the fashion stakes, be the centre of attraction at social functions and gatherings? What a horrible thought!

I can just imagine fashion notes reading: "Mr. X was wearing a delightful outfit, with elegant accessories of pigskin, including a matching cover for his cane" or "the victor in the men's tennis finals wore the

new-length shorts decorated with tiny embroidered tiger-beer bottles." What a picture!

And then there is the problem of choosing colours that wouldn't scream at each other. A mental picture comes to mind of a pale pink suit (male version) with an orange dress (worn by the lady whom the male was escorting).

Not for one moment, however, do I think things would get so bad.

After all, men have more sense (I think) than to presume that after more than a century women would surrender to such a trend without SOME sort of fight.

But after looking seriously at preview pictures of what the best-dressed men would look like, if imaginative male designers in the field of masculine fashion had their way, I can't resist a slight shudder.

Natty check suits, stripes that run horizontally and vertically on the same suit, and a creation described as "one of the latest 'lounger' suits, made all in one piece (like a little boy's romper suit), washable, crease-resistant, designed for at-home wear, and with a brass-buckled front-belt which is purely decorative. Designed in America (of course!).

Any sensible man should realise that women prefer them just as they are. No too-bright colours, no startling stripes, no garish checks, no dazzling squares, no glamorising innovations.

Rings—Just For Fun

Whatever will they think of next? I've just seen a display of novel rings, each with a built-in secret compartment. Shades of the early 1800s again—but this time for feminine wear...I think.

These novel rings belong to a range of massive cocktail rings, many of them set with brilliantly-coloured stones, and marking the spread of a fashion that until recently was only accepted on some parts of the European Continent.

It was assured that "These rings are only for fun—no one is expected to take them seriously."

Some are set with stones that have a mirror effect and ALL are enormous.

Another Oriental range is set with stones carved in intricate designs, and for evening wear there are rings set with pearled stones surrounded with scintillating paste.

Doubtful

If the customer is doubtful about preparing some meat cuts or has any questions about a product, Ernst said, she will pick up a convenience television phone. The method of preparation will be described to her while she watches a film of the process.

Milk will come in disposable cups, and eggs will be pre-shelled and packaged in tear-open, individual plastic boxes," Ernst said. "Butter, margarine, jams and jellies will come in squeeze containers with flat spreading heads."



Heavy, elegant, distinction...photographed at Blum's, Paris...her watch by Rolex

Some women stand out, always...

...not for their beauty, though they may be beautiful; not for their clothes, though these are perfection; but for a certain indefinable air, their natural in-born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction-beyond-price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll find a Rolex watch is the instinctive choice of the world's most elegant women.

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KOWLOON



ABOVE: Mr. John Mould, chairman of the Hongkong Electricity Commission of Enquiry (left), and his wife (centre) are greeted on arrival in the Colony recently by another member of the Commission, Mr. Dhun Ruttonjee.



ABOVE: Rev. David C. P. Low and his bride, the former Miss Milly Miu-ling Ko, receive congratulations from friends and relatives after their wedding at the Hop Yat Church recently.



ABOVE: Contenarian Chan Yip Tsin-fai cuts her birthday cake with the aid of a son at the Home for the Aged in Ngauchiwan this week. During the party she was re-united with her hawker son whom she had not seen since her family was broken up during the Sino-Japanese war.



ABOVE: Swinging smartly past the saluting dais last Saturday were these 22 woman police recruit constables during their passing out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen. Mr. A. St. George Walton took the salute.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Felix K. M. Ho after their wedding at St. Francis of Assisi's Church in Kowloon last week. The bride is the former Miss Sophia Mak.



ABOVE: At a farewell party given by the Society for the Blind for Mrs. Ruth Kirby at the Council of Social Services (l-r): Mrs. Kirby, Miss Rowan Kirby and Mr. C. E. Torry.



ABOVE: David Alexander, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Higgins, seen in his mother's arms after his christening at St. John's Cathedral recently.

RIGHT: At the Rotary Club dinner held at 34 Island Road, Deep Water Bay, recently. Back row (l-r): Mr. George Lin, Mr. R. Picciotto, Mr. W. Anderson, Mr. Alfredo Alvarez and Mr. Y. Tsao. Seated (l-r): Mrs. Alvarez, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Picciotto.



ABOVE: Three members of the advance party of the Kelo University expedition team who are to climb the Dhaulagiri peak in Nepal, passed through recently en route to Nepal. They are (l-r) H. Mihashita, K. Kato, J. Ishijima.



ABOVE: Kirsten Rasmussen (left) receives her trophy from Mrs. D. L. Prophet for winning the senior girls' diving championship during the Children's Swimming Gala held at the Ladies Recreation Club.



ABOVE: Lana, Crawford & Co. Ltd. staff member, Mr. Lo Kwan-wai, receiving a cheque and a gold watch from Mr. J. L. Marden for his 45 1/2 years of service with the firm. Mr. Lo is retiring.

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LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Li Chiu-bing soon with relatives and friends after their wedding at the Registry on August 24. The bride is the former Miss Kam Kwai-chun. The groom is serving with the Bank of Canton in Singapore.



RIGHT: Mrs. De Jong, wife of Mr. Edward Da Jong, Bank of America's Hongkong manager, arrived with their children by Pan American World Airways from Amsterdam recently. She is seen here with her husband who met her at the Airport.

LEFT: Dr. Allison Bell (standing) addresses the gathering at the Hongkong Reform Club's recent meeting held at the King Wah Restaurant. Dr. Peter H. T. Fok is seated behind her.



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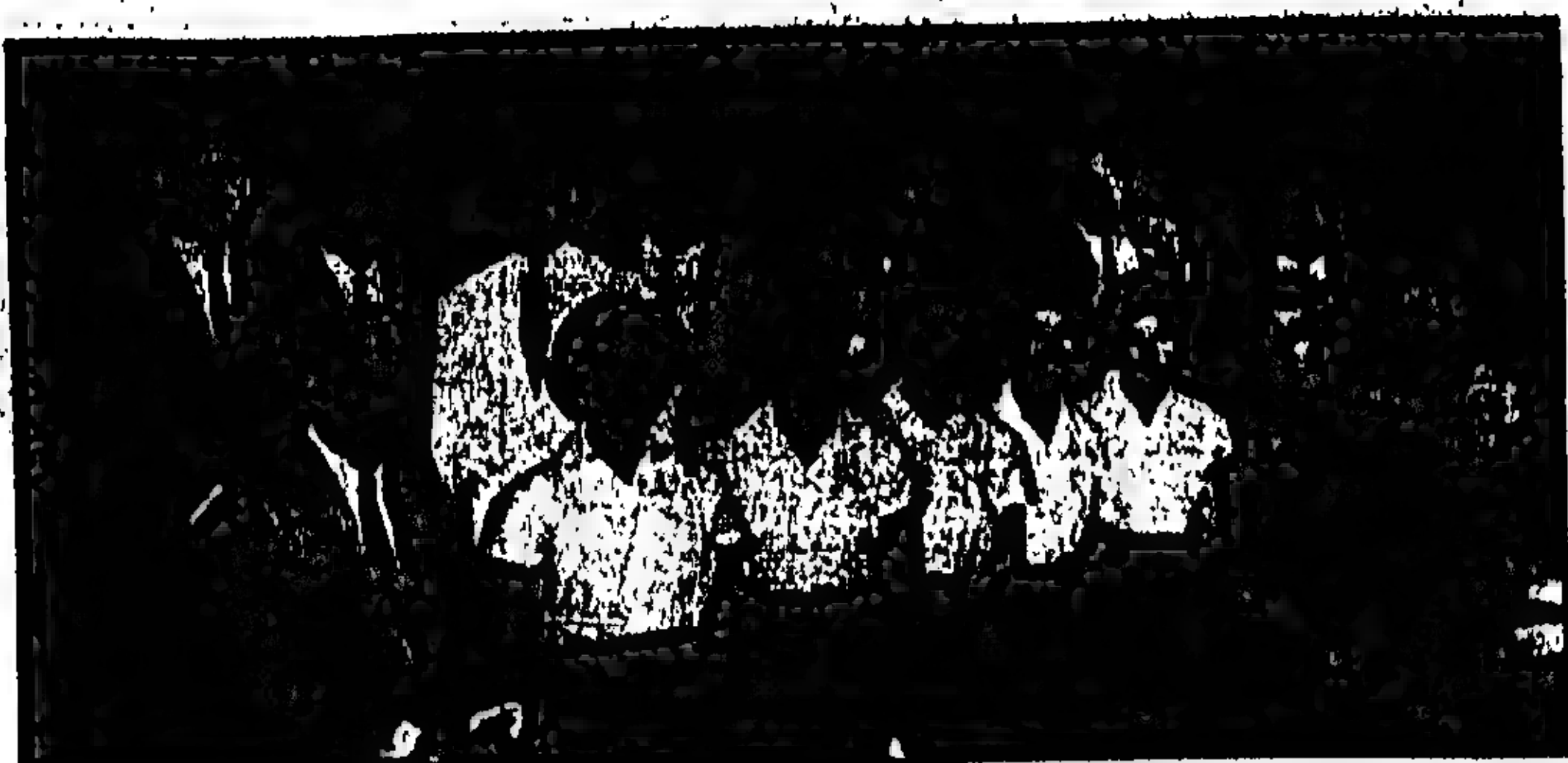
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ABOVE: At the dinner party in honour of the Hongkong Uber Cup ladies' badminton team given by Dr. A. M. Rodrigues (seated left), prior to their departure for Malaya.

★

RIGHT: Col. M. V. Fletcher, Chief of Staff, Headquarters, Land Forces, and Mrs Fletcher pose for our photographer before sailing for home on the troopship Oxfordshire.



ABOVE: Dr. Li Shu-fan (left) who returned to Hongkong recently after a 4½-month tour of the world. He is seen with Mr. Alfredo Nery, Boac Assistant District Sales Manager.



ABOVE: Mr. Claude Burgess, Officer Administering the Government, (second from right) watches work during his visit to the United Shirt Factory at 64 Castle Peak Road recently.

★

LEFT: At the Hongkong Miniature Camera Club inaugural meeting held at the ABC Cafe recently (l-r): Dr. Lau Po-hai, Dr. Soto Onward and Mr. Ma Wing-hung.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: At the Church World Service farewell function to its retiring director, Dr. K. G. Hobart (l-r): Dr. Hobart and Mr. W. J. Howard. The party was held at the European YMCA, Kowloon.

★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Mr. John MacKenzie, President of Hongkong's Jaycees, donates blood to the British Red Cross Blood Bank during the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce drive for blood donations this week.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: A scene from a skit at the 1st Lancashire Regiment's concert party held at the Victoria Junior School this week (l-r): Messrs Jack Shone, Tommy Regan and Keith Shone.

★

RIGHT: Two brothers of King Saud of Saudi Arabia, Al Saud Sattam bin Abdul Aziz (left) and Al Saud Ahmed bin Abdul Aziz (right) are seen with a friend during a party at the Paramount Restaurant recently. They left Hongkong this week after a visit.



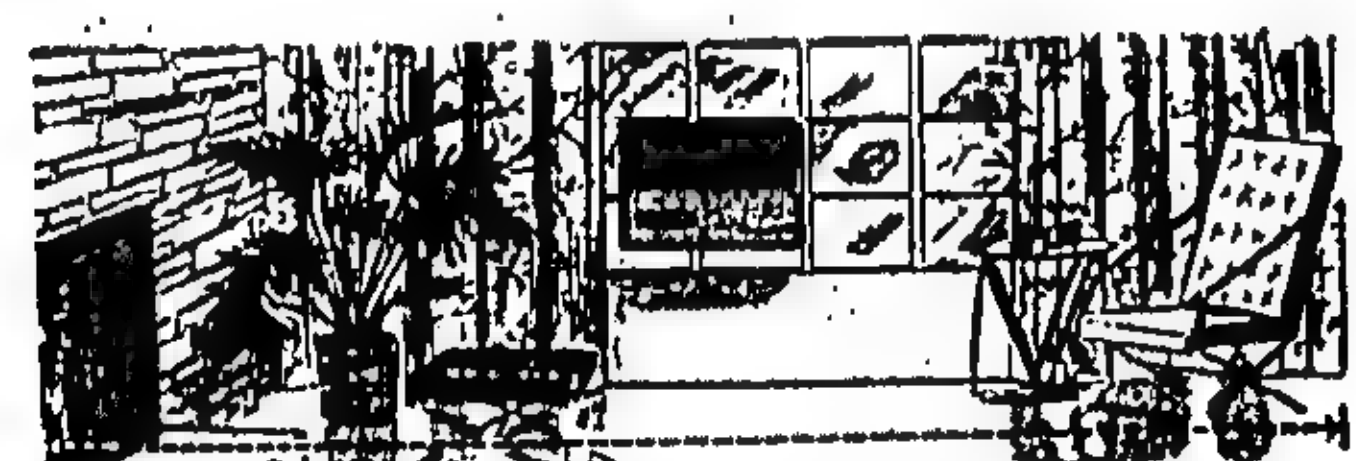
ABOVE: At the opening of Hongkong's new Commercial Broadcasting Station this week (l-r): Mrs. E. B. Teesdale, Mr. M. W. Lo and Mr. Teesdale.

★

LEFT: Seen at the Boac dinner celebrating the airline's trans-Pacific link, are (l-r): Mrs. R. Henwood, Mr. A. D. Bennett, Mr. P. Inwood and Mr. L. J. Wade.



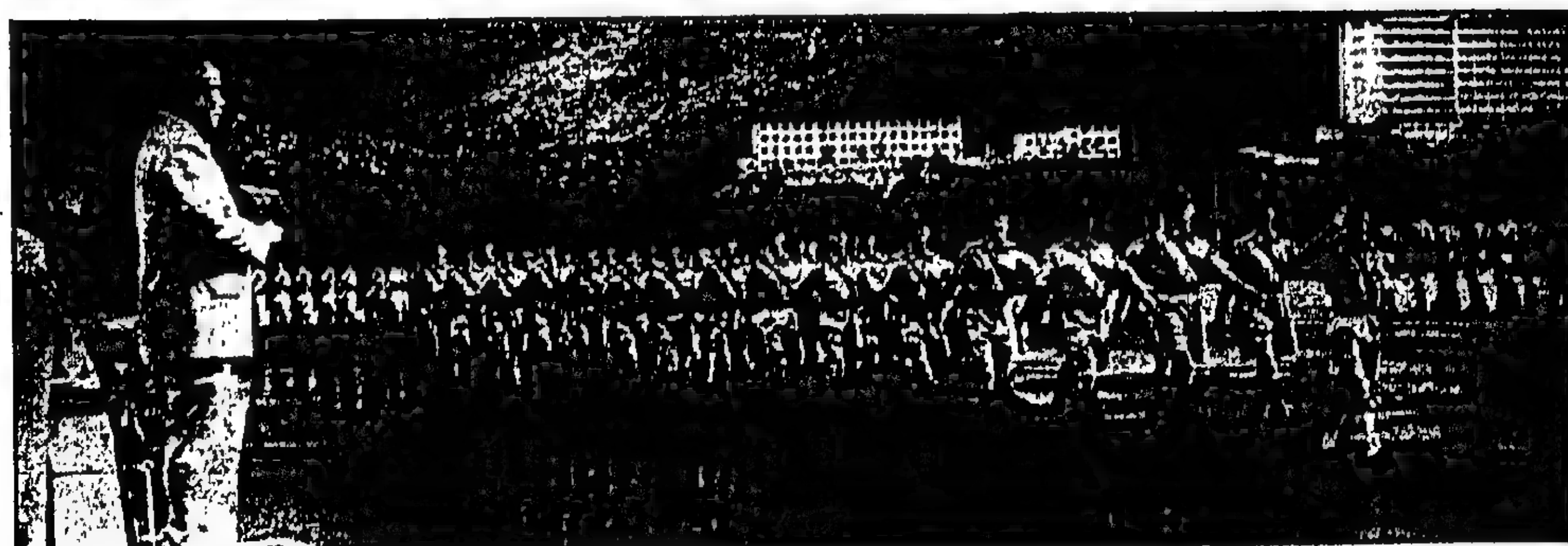
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ABOVE: Mr. Tse Yu-chuen taking the salute at the passing out parade of Hongkong Auxiliary Police at the Police Training School in Aberdeen.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: At a dinner party for Prof. and Mrs. E. S. Kirby, who are leaving for Canada soon, held at the Banker's Club (l-r): Prof. Kirby and Mr. Sit Chun-ho.

★

RIGHT: CPAL's new manager for South-East Asia, Mr. Martin Kolding (left) was fêted at cocktails at the American Club this week. Left to right were Mr. L. F. Smalley and Mr. H. Adam.



Tonight's Floorshows

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STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Way Out On A Limb!

—Knarf Decides Living In Trees Is for the Birds—

By MAX TRELL

"WERE going to live in a tree! I know you think we shouldn't. But we're going to do it anyway," said Teddy, the Stuffed Bear. Knarf, the Shadow with the Turned About Name, looked at Teddy in surprise. Standing next to Teddy was another one of Knarf's friends. This was Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian.

Hiawatha nodded. "Yep! Both of us are going to live in a tree." "What do you want to do that they?" he said.

"Yes," said Knarf. Teddy declared it was all very simple. "Birds live in trees, don't they?" said Knarf. "If they like living in trees, I don't see why we shouldn't."

Tarzan-Style

"Yep, that's right," said Hiawatha. "Teddy and I are going to live in a tree. If you want to come with us, you can live in a tree, too."

"What tree are you going to live in?" Knarf asked. Hiawatha and Teddy pointed to the big maple tree in back of the house. "All we have to do," said Teddy, "is pick out one of the branches of the tree where we're going to live. I'm going to pick that big branch that sticks out over the lawn."

Hiawatha said he wanted a branch higher than Teddy's branch.

By this time Knarf, deciding he might as well join his two friends, said he would live on the branch midway between Teddy's and Hiawatha's branches.

To Each His Own

All the rest of that morning, the three friends busied themselves building nests on their own private branches in the maple tree.

Teddy built a nest of straw and old newspapers. Hiawatha made a very neat nest of an egg basket. He lined it with bits of string and ribbon. Knarf found an old umbrella and by turning it upside down,



Teddy settled down in his nest for the night.

that is with the handle stuck straight up, made himself quite a pleasant and roomy nest.

"Are we going to sleep in our nests all night?" Knarf asked.

"Of course," said Teddy and Hiawatha.

So that night, Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha settled themselves in their nests in the tree. For a while it was quite pleasant. They saw the lights in the house twinkle and go out.

The Rains Came

But, suddenly, the moon and the stars, which had been shining quite cheerfully, went out. The sky filled with dark clouds. It began to rain.

"I'm getting all wet!" cried Knarf. "I'm going back into the house!"

Teddy and Hiawatha stayed in the tree for another hour or so. But finally they returned to the house, too, soaking wet. Teddy shook his head sadly. "The birds don't seem to mind the rain," he said.

"I think you have to have feathers to enjoy living in a tree," said Hiawatha, sounding just as sad as Teddy. But Knarf said: "Maybe the birds don't like the rain, either. Maybe they'd rather live in a house like we do instead of living in nests in the trees."

Rupert and the Outlaws—12



After a time the voices ceased, and, as nobody seems to be moving, Rupert tries to edge away from the place that has given him such a scare. However, his new direction brings him to yet more of a dead-end in a piece of broken cliff. "If I could only climb this

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Materials:

5 (6-6) ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool.
2 No. 9 and 2 No. 12 "Aero" Knitting Needles.
A cable needle.
Silver sequins and silver beads.
Sewing silk to match the wool.

Measurements:

To fit a 32 (34-36) inch bust.
Length from top of shoulder 18½ (19-19½) ins.
Sleeve seam 4 ins. finished.

Tension:

8 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations:

K., knit; p., purl; sts. stitches; st. st., stocking stitch; fin., finishing; patt., pattern; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; ins., inches; foll., follow; rem., remain; alt., alternate; sl., slip; s.n., spare needle, dec., decrease; inc., increase.

Where 3 figures are given follow the 1st for size 32, the 2nd for size 34 and the 3rd for size 36.

The Back And Front (Both Alike)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 104 (112-120) sts. and work in st. st. for 1 inch fin. after a p. row.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in the foll. patt.—1st row: K.1, * sl. 1, k. 1 pass sl. st. back on to left hand needle and k. into back of sl. Rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row: Purl.
3rd row: K.2, * sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. back on to left hand needle and k. into back of st. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

4th row: Purl.
These 4 rows form the patt. Rep. them until work measures 5½ ins. from beg., ending wrong side of work. Inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. 4th row until there are 128 (136-144) sts. on the needle.

Cont. straight until work measures 13½ ins. ending wrong side of work.
Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 70 (80-84) sts. rem. Cast off.

The Sleeves

Using No. 9 needles cast on 84 (88-92) sts. and work in the 4 rows of patt. as given for Back and Front, inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every foll.

4th row until there are 92 (100-108) sts. on the needle. Cont. straight until work measures 3 ins. from beg. ending wrong side of work.
Shape-top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 62 (64-66) sts. rem. Cast off.

The Cable Borders

The Neck: Using No. 12 needles cast on 11 sts. and work as follows.

1st row: K.8, p.1, k.2.
2nd row: K.3, p.8.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.
5th row: Sl. first 2 sts. on s.n. and leave at front, k.2, then k.2 from s.n., sl. 2 sts. on s.n. and leave at back, k.2, then k.2 from s.n., p.1, k.2.
6th row: As 2nd row.
Rep. these 6 rows until strip when slightly stretched measures 30 (32-34½) ins. Cast off.

The Sleeve Borders

Work as given for neck border.

but for 9½ (10-10½) ins. Cast off.

To Make Up

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew sleeve shaping to hem at lower edges and slipstitch in position. Decorate the borders with the sequins, placing one in each cable end and using a bead to attach each sequin. Join ends of borders and placing "purl ridge" to neck and sleeve edges sew all round neck and sleeve edges. Press seams.

SKIN DEEP

By Clare Young

NO one knows better than Rose Laird that beauty is only skin deep!

Rosie (as she insists on everyone calling her) is one of the world's foremost authorities on make-up and beauty.

Last year she was voted the most outstanding and hard-working woman of America. She is a constant globe-trotter, has met Europe's royalty, is on Christian name terms with America's society.

On a recent visit to Britain she held a press conference in her hotel suite. She bounded in, claimed a "scotch on the rocks" and talked excitedly with hardly a pause for two hours.

Yet Rose Laird is 54 years old!

"I'm doing better work now than I did at 30," says this remarkable woman. "I don't know when I'll stop working—probably never."

Learn Tolerance

"You are asked to retire much too early," she said earnestly. "It takes from 40 to 60 to understand life and tolerance. Since I was 70 or 75 I have understood more and more the great difference between tolerance and understanding."

Mrs Laird was widowed at 40—and she built a cosmetics empire all by herself.

Her Advice

She herself is the best advertisement her products could have and doesn't hesitate to resort to the tricks of her trade to preserve her looks, even though she is now "eighty-four years young." She always wears make-up, but never too much.

For she has a deep hatred of make-up when used to cover up imperfections. "Don't tatter your face with foundation and powder," she says strongly. "CLEAN UP." A clean skin means fewer lines and fewer unsightly enlarged pores. Scrub your face.

"Nature," says Rosie, "never intended us to grow old. Use grow old." Clean your skin, stimulate it, bring up the circulation, she advises. THEN use cosmetics. Correctly used, they will work wonders.

"Remember," she says, "that make-up protects the skin. Don't imagine that you're doing your skin good by doing without make-up. You're only letting in the fumes and dust... clogging the pores. After all, it's the only face you're going to have!"

Lamps Favour Leaves

Chicago. NEW collections of lamps feature combinations of metal and wood, stone treated to look like wood, and wood processed to look like metal.

Taube of Philadelphia combines delicately carved Italian metal and wood. A morning glory vine in white metal, antiqued with gold, is the motif for a small, three-light fixture which would fit nicely into a 9 x 11-foot room. It can be hung as a chandelier (\$65), or is available as a 42-inch table lamp mounted on an antique gold leaf base and with a white silk shade (\$107).

A three-candle light of assorted flowers carved from gold ormolu, a French bronze, can be installed on an arm as a hanging side light (\$70), or hung as a chandelier (\$55).

Chester Ltd. of Chicago perched the mythical god Pan on a stool, his pipes at his lips, to form a 50-inch table lamp in antiqued white with highlights of gold leaf (\$125).

Burnt orange with gold leaf details was chosen for a copy of the wood sculpture, "Laughing Clown," made in Burma stone for a table lamp (\$75), and for a floor lamp patterned after an ornate Italian lamp post (\$150).

The Chinese goddess of mercy, Quan Yin, is copied in blue-green and silver leaf to form a 60-inch floor lamp (\$350). In the Lucia Arkin line, Oranized lotus leaves of polished brass, mounted on a black, black, form the pole of another floor lamp (\$100), and a Kober sculpture, in a black, glazed bronze for a 48-inch table lamp (\$120).

RED INDIAN FOOD



In the far north, oaks and acorns are scarce. But here are found the white spruce and balsam fir, beneath whose branches grows—to the caribou—a great mossy delicacy known as lichen which can be scraped out from beneath the snow in winter.

To the Indian and Jesuit it was no delicacy, but it could keep life flickering during the long, bitter nights. One missionary said "to make a broth it is only necessary to boil it, and then occasionally stir to make it resemble a black glue. One must close the eyes on first tasting it, and take care lest his lips stick together."

He observed that this was "a kind of foam or slime, like that of snails."

More recently a scientist analysed lichen and found that actually they are more nutritious than might be expected. Lichens provide a third more calories than an equal weight of honey, hominy, corn flakes, cabbage, sugar, or soybeans. None of the common varieties found in the United States is poisonous—and could provide a useful emergency meal for persons lost in the woods.

During spring and summer life was not such a struggle, and Indians made use of raspberries, blueberries, strawberries, hazelnuts, wild apples, cherries, plums, cranberries, huckleberries, chestnuts, and many others.

ACUSTOMED to hardship though he might have been, the North American Indian must have thought at times that acorns and lichens make mighty poor fare! Starvation was nothing new to Indian tribes, particularly those in the Great Lakes region, but what the Indians ate when they couldn't hunt or fish has been of interest to persons cut off from food supplies by accident or military emergency.

A University of Wisconsin botanist, Mrs Wilma Zicker, has gone through the translations of some of the earliest accounts of travel and exploration in the Great Lakes area—the Jesuit missionary records—to learn how the primeval American Indian was able to wrest a living from lakes, forests, and prairies.

It was necessary to go back to the earliest records because once the white man introduced new methods of hunting and cooking the Indian lost little time in adopting them.

The Indian had no easy time of it. There were times when boiled acorns, black lichen broth, and tubers of wild beans, pond trout, and yellow lilies were his only food.

The acorn was probably second to wild rice as a vegetable staple. And even after the Indians began to grow corn, they had to fall back on acorns when the crop failed or was destroyed by enemies.

One missionary wrote in 1650 of the Indian that "in the last year of famine, acorns and bitter roots were to him delicious. They scatter hither and thither in quest of acorns, having neither hunting, nor fishing, nor grain."

To preserve acorns the Great Lakes Indians would first boil the bitter nut for 3 days in water that contained a large amount of ashes to keep the acid. Sometimes they were

first dried and then roasted. Whenever the Indians were lucky enough to have bear or deer meat on hand, the acorns were added. If no meat was available hunger provided the sauce.

California Indians first removed the shell of the acorn, dried the nut in the sun, gutted it, and removed the acid by pouring boiling water over the flour in a sandy hole. The latter might be expected—left the flour pretty acidic.

In the absence of acorns or tubers the Indians lived partly on garlic baked under the ashes or "cooked" in water without salt.

How do YOU rate

with a teenager?

[illegible]

ON AUGUST 26,
the Polo to London
jet service over the
*Trade Notice, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

But I say this is not likely to happen yet. Reason: Mr. Gable himself. At fifty-seven he's still what he has basically, always been. A great chunk of sun-tanned, healthy, virile, muscular man. With that same white-toothed infectious grin and all too lucky."

So the "King" will go on working. But I say to Mr. Gable—Do not be afraid of kissing young girls like Sophia Loren, screen, of course. The fans are still more likely to swoon than laugh.

7.211

Showroom: Alexandre Aranda

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Pan Am—the Jet leader—has already carried over 150,000 transatlantic jet passengers.

We are of sliding a kamikaz to hippo at a quynith nio-
kub. In urther words, we are
striking the high spots, going to
places, and returning to the
nylon life and the timelie of
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consciously. He talks so much
that, usually, the female men
more a human being." Mond
was attired to women, with
small car, because key
simplified of hronse, according
to a noted psychopathologist.
Mond, from a small

eloquent, and kind. Only subconsciously. He talks so much that, usually, he reminds me more of a human being." Men are attracted to women with small ears because they are reminded of heroes, according to a noted psychopathologist.

[illegible]

Oh, How They Love This Never-Never Land

LOVE AT ALL AGES. Angela Thirkell. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

By HAROLD HARRIS

THEY hurry home from the circulating libraries, the elderly well-bred ladies, clutching the precious volume. Lights burn late these nights in the bedrooms of private hotels in the Cromwell Road.

A great sigh of content goes up from S.W.7. The new Mrs Thirkell is out. Angela Thirkell, daughter of J. W. Mackail, the classical scholar, granddaughter of Burne-Jones, the pre-Raphaelite painter, cousin of Stanley Baldwin and Rudyard Kipling, was 40 when she published her first book. Now she is rising 70.

For 30 years critics have been making fun of the snobbishness in her novels. For 30 years her sales have been rising, until they

are near the 1,500,000 mark in British editions alone. World sales bring the figure to nearly 2,000,000.

Mrs Thirkell, who lives in a house in Chelsea, writes only about the country. Her 30th Barchester novel is set, like the other 29, in the Trollope country.

In villages with names like High Rising, Winter Overcoats, Little Mist, everyone lives contentedly in the sphere to which birth has allotted them. The hard-working aristocrats, removing their best furniture and paintings to elegant smaller mansions, make over their hideous great houses to business syndicates for exploitation at 2s. 6d. a visit.

And who betide any scum or louts from the town who don't behave themselves? Into the ha-ha with them!

The middle classes, in their "commodious" houses, feel "very grateful to Providence" for being placed where they "need fear no fall, nor be proud about anything in particular."

The gulf

While they are privileged to rub shoulders with aristocrats from time to time, their security is guaranteed by the unbridgeable gulf which separates them from the Lower Orders.

The Lower Orders have funny names (Welk, the underlinker, old Nannie Twicker) and a funny way of talking.

It might be good manners, or where to put the stress in "contrivance" (this is dealt with three times, twice on the same page). The author interpolates her own comments in the first person plural.

Mrs Moreland, "the gifted novelist" who lives at High Rising, is by a coincidence also working on her 30th novel in Love At All Ages. "They are all exactly like each other," she boasts, "and I can never remember which is which."

More than 20 of Mrs Thirkell's 30 are always in print in a great quarry of nostalgia for the ladies of S.W.7, who can look back with sighs of regret and smiles of pleasure at a world that never existed.

—(London Express Service).



MRS. ANGELA THIRKELL

some etiquette talks" next time they meet. "We've got Burke and Debut," says Lavinia, whose father is only a QC, and a Sir. "Father gets new copies quite often."

At an endless series of luncheon and dinner parties ("Crepes Suzette and/or ice cream were handed at this stage by one of the many helpers from the village who were always available for parties") everyone talks and talks about anything that comes to Mrs Thirkell's mind.

Under the newsmen's feet the pavement jiggled and trembled like jelly. With a sickening heave the street buckled and split wide open.

The two men were flung to the ground while, above them, tall buildings did a crazy, grotesque dance.

EARTHQUAKE! San Francisco has always been plagued by them. But this one, and the even more devastating fire that followed in, reached dimensions that even San Francisco could never have imagined.

—(London Express Service).

BOOK PAGE

WHEN CARUSO SAT ON A SUITCASE

By DEE WELLS

IT wasn't every day the greatest tenor in the world came to town. All opera-loving San Francisco turned out in its best finery for the occasion. As the fabulous Caruso finished singing Carmen's Don Jose applause roared like thunder to the rafters of the gaudy, glittering Opera House.

Newsman squeezed through the audience to get to their offices. Around 5 a.m. Barrett, editor of the Examiner, pushed back his green eyeshade. The paper, with the Caruso story in it, had long since been put to bed. Barrett started home to his bed too.

Out on the deserted street in the grey dawn, he was telling a joke to one of his reporters.

It was a joke whose tagging never got told.

For, suddenly, at 12 minutes past five on that April morning in 1906, the wrath of all hell broke loose in San Francisco.

Under the newsmen's feet the pavement jiggled and trembled like jelly. With a sickening heave the street buckled and split wide open.

The two men were flung to the ground while, above them, tall buildings did a crazy, grotesque dance.

EARTHQUAKE! San Francisco has always been plagued by them. But this one, and the even more devastating fire that followed in, reached dimensions that even San Francisco could never have imagined.

Some tragedies have a quality of mystique and a degree of imagination-appeal that makes them legends. Like Pompeii, like Custer's Last Stand, like London's Blitz, the 1906 San Francisco earthquake is one of them.

Now there's a book (THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER, Barrie and Rockliff, 16s.) by British writer Monica Sutherland that fills in the gaps in the legend.

The first terrible upheaval lasted 30 seconds. Then, all over the city, people believed it was finished and swarmed out to inspect the damage.

Like applause

Ten seconds later the devilish thundering noise began again and swelled to an even more deafening crescendo.

Three-foot high earth waves rippled under the ground's surface, undulating as easily as the surf on the nearby Pacific. Spires snapped off churches as crisply as asparagus tips.

In the sumptuous Palace Hotel, the great Caruso—well pleased by his evening's success—was fast asleep.

In his dreams the deafening rumble must have sounded like the ultimate in applause. But when the heaven-sent applause threw him from his bed he was gripped by panic. As he clutched the teetering wall his first thought was for his voice. Had this rude awakening affected it?

He took a deep breath, leaned from his window and let loose the powerful, shimmering voice over the scene of devastation below. His voice was perfectly all right.

His fear quieted, he rushed into the middle of the street, sat down on suitcase and refused to budge. The famous singer, wide-eyed in his dressing-gown, was one of the city's sights that morning.

The horror

But disaster's inevitable companion is tragedy. The following scene is only one of thousands that were caused by those 55 seconds of horror.

A man had rolled back dead-drunk to his lodging house. Only gradually and groggily did he come awake when the earth shook.

He squinted hard when, over his head, the ceiling shifted and split in jagged cracks. When a child's leg slipped down into one of the cracks, he watched it unbelievably.

Then the ceiling lurched back and the crack closed on the child's ankle like giant scissors. For all its tragic consequences, the earthquake was merely a preamble to the larger disaster that now occurred.

FIRE! Immediately following the quake, fires broke out everywhere and licked up houses like kindling wood. Gas poured from snapped pipes. Soon whole streets were avenues of leaping flames that left gutted ruins behind as the fires spread beyond control.

Moreover, the city was as powerless to fight the spreading flames as it had been to stop the earthquake.

Although its fire department was one of the biggest in the country, the firemen were unable to check the fire. For one simple reason: They had no water.

The mains had cracked wide open.

The losses

Firemen could do nothing but dynamite buildings in the path until the dynamite ran out too.

For three solid days the fires raged. The city was all but cut off from the world. To protect what private property was left the order went out that looters were to be shot on sight.

It was days before even so much as a telegram could get in or out of the city. When things started functioning again, the Red Cross moved in to tend the homeless people, and San Francisco dazedly totted up its losses.

They were enormous. Over four square miles had been burned out.

The death toll itself was not as bad as one might expect, even the highest estimate placed it well under 1,000. But 28,000 houses had been destroyed. The hollish fire totted the damage up to well over \$400 million.

From Chinatown to City Hall the biggest city on America's West Coast had been all but destroyed. But, miraculously, it picked itself up out of the smouldering ashes. Swiftly it was replanned and rebuilt. San Francisco's reputation changed too. Almost overnight the riotous Barbary Coast, once a sailor's paradise of bars and brothels, became a sober, hard-working port.

Forgotten

Today San Francisco is a handsome, modern, thriving port, whose Golden Gate bridge spans nearly a mile of bay and is the largest in the world.

There are old-timers who remember the night Caruso sang Don Jose. There are even more who remember the Great Fire. But there aren't too many who remember the earthquake.

It's a very curious thing. But San Franciscans don't remember the earthquake. They don't, because they don't want to. They don't like to be reminded that their handsome city is in "Earthquake Country." That, at any moment, the solid earth can rumble and shatter their homes and their lives.

So San Francisco builds its skyscrapers "earthquake proof." But it never says so. And if you walk through its public buildings today you will see many a proud notice that reads "This Building is Fireproof." If you mention the earthquake, it's another story. "What's earthquakes?" they ask. "Never have those around here."

—(London Express Service).

How a little man turns killer



RUDOLF HOESS

by JOHN CONNELL

COMMANDANT OF AUSCHWITZ. By Rudolf Hoess. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

CONSCIENTIOUS diligent, so scrupulous about matters of detail that he tends to fuss a little. Impeccably honest on all points of finance and administration, punctual, loyal, not particularly imaginative.

Thus, I suspect, would some superior officer have written his confidential report on S.S. Hauptsturmführer Rudolf Franz Ferdinand Hoess, when any question arose of his promotion within the somewhat complex official hierarchy of the Third Reich.

Killed 2,000,000

But the possessor of these admirable virtues (and there can be no doubt that he possessed them all in large measure) also signed, in March 1940, a voluntary statement before two officers of the War Crimes Investigation Unit of BAOR—a statement which, at his subsequent trial, was proved up to the hilt.

It read: "I personally arranged on orders received from Himmler in May 1941, the gassing of 2,000,000 persons between June-July 1941 and the end of 1942, during which time I was Commandant of Auschwitz."

This book is his autobiography which he wrote in prison in Cracow in 1946-47 while awaiting his trial and execution. In Mr Constantine FitzGibbon's sober and, I suspect, well-high literary translation it is a document of terrible, absorbing fascination.

Loved animals

Hoess was the most ordinary of ordinary little men, a born minor bureaucrat. His family life was exemplary, he loved animals, and in his job he always knew the regulations by heart.

With a slight change of inheritance and environment you can imagine him performing his duties just as zealously, not in Hitler's "final solution of the Jewish problem" but in the rationing of sweets or the issue of planning permits.

For the "final solution," however evil and demented the black hearts of those who devised it, was carried out with careful, conscientious little bureaucratic right along the line from arrest to the closing of the doors of the gas-chamber—whose complete execution in their own view was "We only obeyed orders."

Hoess explains how, from childhood upwards, he was a good, disciplined boy who obeyed orders and loved, and served the Fatherland. He gives a detailed account of his not very meteoric rise in the Nazi Party and then within the S.S.

He flatters himself that he was a soldier, of course, he was just a dirty little bureau-

crat who landed himself in a difficult and responsible job, which to his pained surprise, led to his being regarded by the world outside the Third Reich, as a blood-thirsty beast, a cruel sadist and a mass murderer.

'Not evil'

Forlornly he complains that the world will not understand that "he too, had a heart and was not evil."

I believe it to be essential that, however difficult it may appear, we all do understand the thought of sending such a bonny little boy to his death; but after all he was obeying orders, carrying out the regulations.

I say this with all the more urgency because, with only a slight change in heredity and environment, my wife and my stepson would have been among the two million who, under Hoess's supervision, were herded off the trains, arranged in orderly ranks, stripped naked and ushered into the gas chambers.

A twinge

My stepson had his third birthday about the time Hoess took up his duties; he had bright gold hair and blue eyes. I am sure that Commandant Hoess would have had quite a twinge of depression at the thought of sending such a bonny little boy to his death; but after all he was obeying orders, carrying out the regulations.

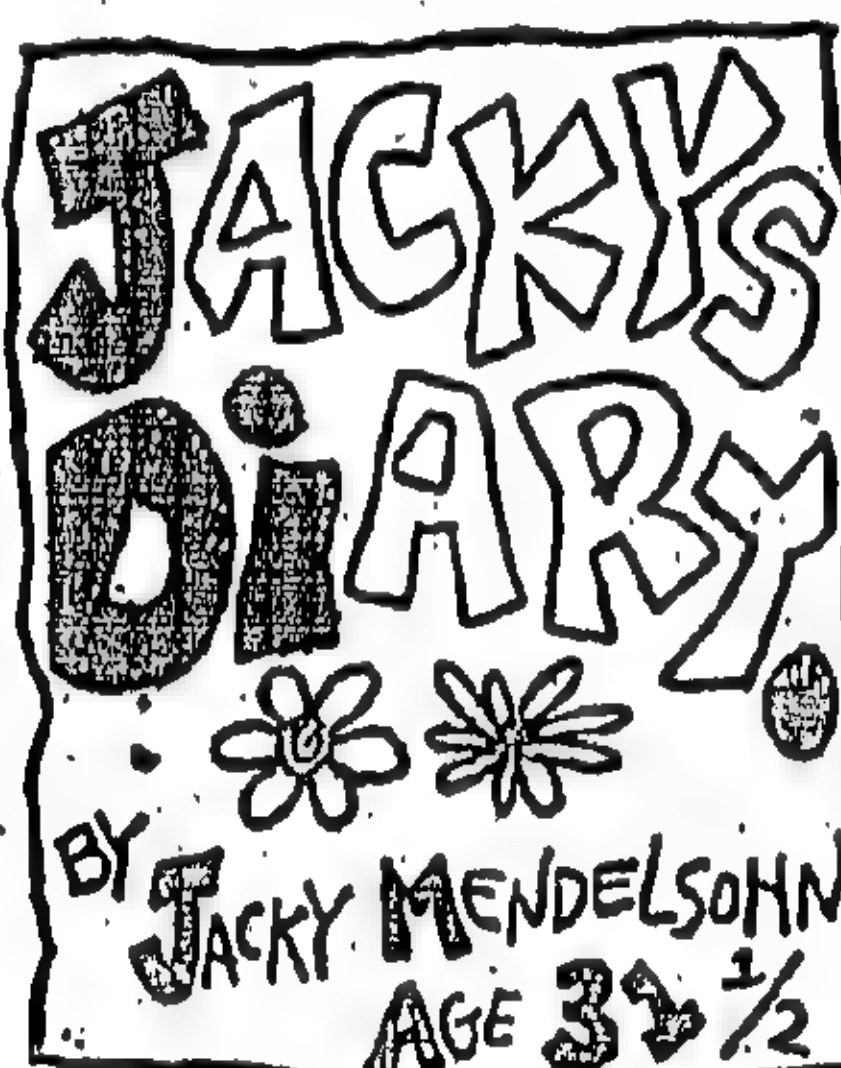
The twinge—Hoess admitted to feeling it quite often—was such as a farmer might have if a young rabbit crawled out of its burrow, and at his feet died of myxomatosis.

In a passage of especial significance Hoess, having dwelt on the delights and anxieties of family life, and the contrast which they afforded to his daily round at the camp, observed: "I was no longer happy in Auschwitz once the mass exterminations had begun."

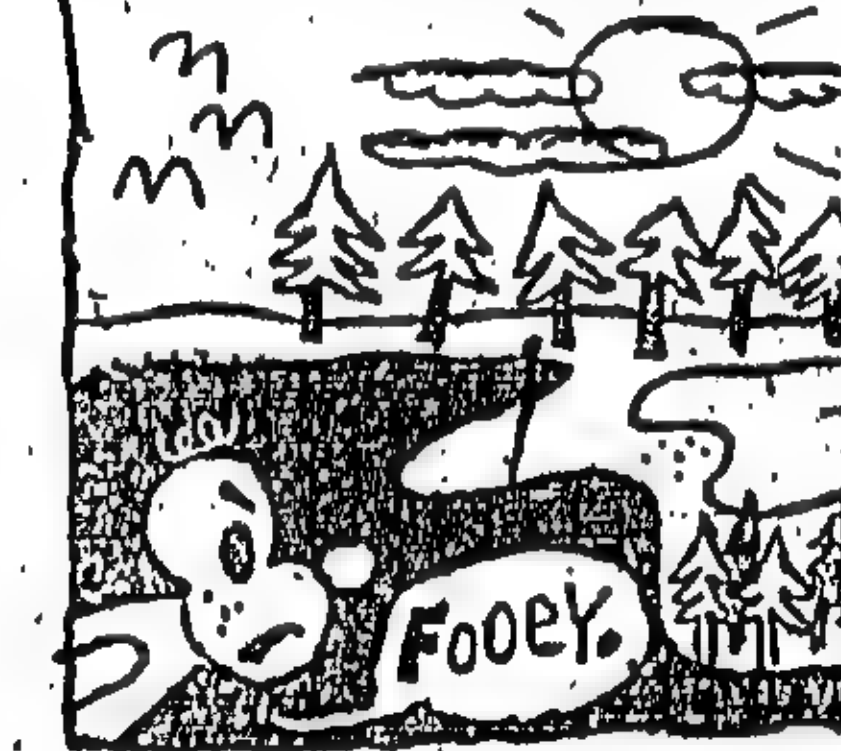
Poor, miserable little mouse of a man, cog in a gigantic system, at once dreadfully powerful and ludicrously unimportant, a model citizen of a well-organized national socialist State and the ultimate embodiment of the grey, faceless evil which has swept over Europe in the past half-century.

What was there to do with him, when he was caught, except destroy him—as he had destroyed two million others?

—(London Express Service).



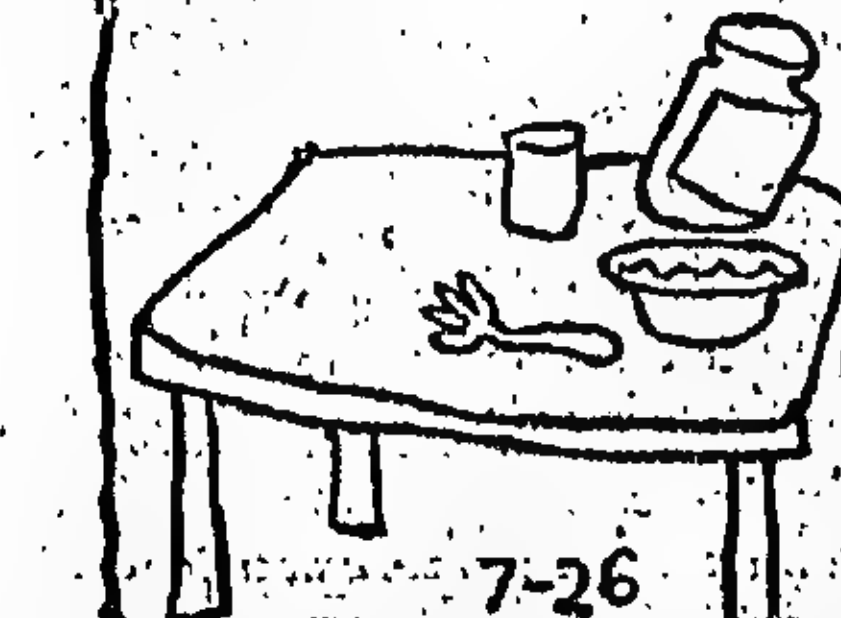
ONLY THERE WASN'T ANY... ALL THEY HAD WAS A BUNCH OF TREES & LAKES & MOUNTAINS & STUFF. WHAT A GYP!



UP HERE THEY ALSO GOT BETTER SICKNESSES YOU CAN CATCH, LIKE FOR INSTANTS IN THE CITY YOU ONLY CAN GET. MAYBE A SKINNED KNEE. BUT HERE YOU ALSO CAN GET POISON IVORY, SUNBURN, SNAKE-BIT, & DROWNED... WHICH CAN KEEP YOU OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A LONG TIME.



I BET MOMMY & DADDY WON'T EVEN RECKONIZE ME WHEN I GET HOME. ON A COUNT OF I'M BROWN AS A BERRY. BROWNER EVEN, CAUSE AT BREAKFAST ONE KID SPILLED A JAR OF BERRIES ALL OVER HIS SELF, AND I RAN OVER & STOOD NEXT TO HIM & I STILL WAS MORE BROWNER THEN HIM.



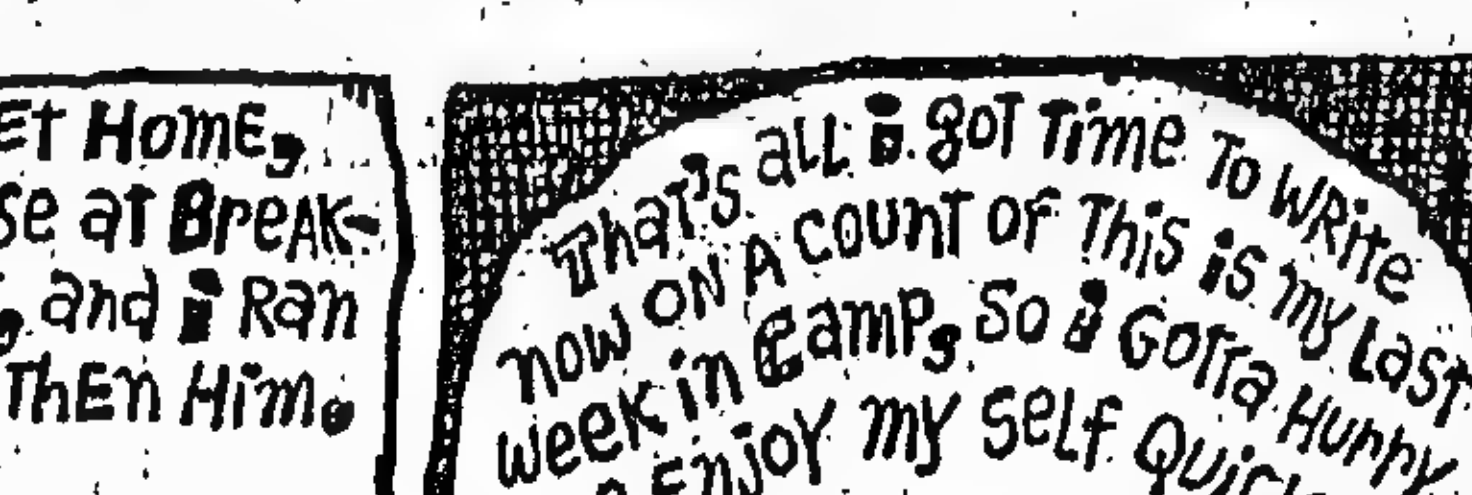
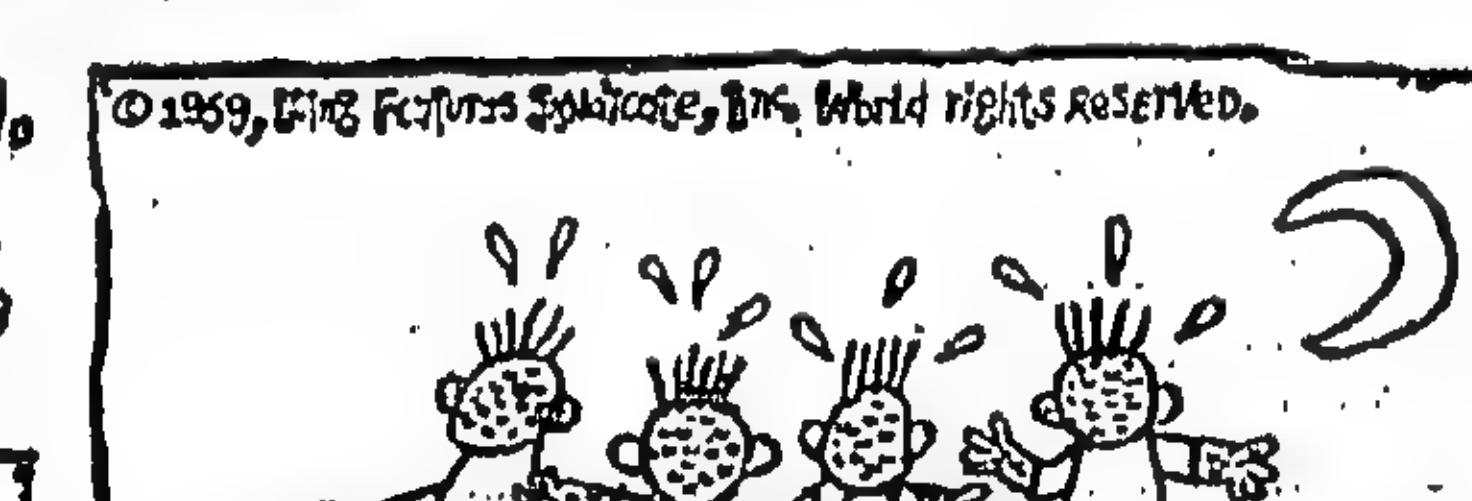
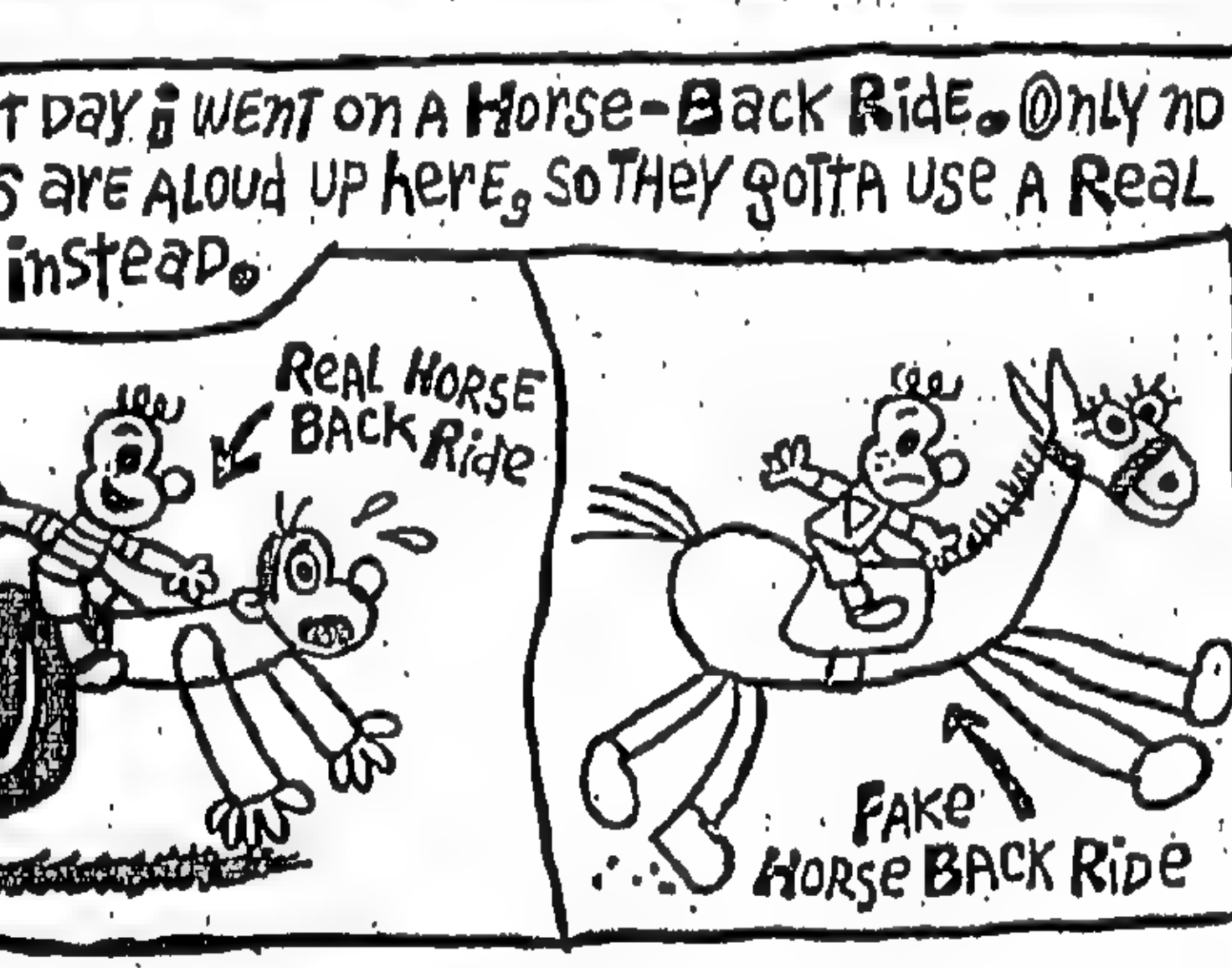
WELL I'M STILL HERE IN SUMMER CAMP. BOY THERE SURE IS LOTS OF THINGS TO DO UP HERE! LIKE LAST WEEK UNCLE FRED TOOK US ON A HIKE IN THE WOODS, SO WE COULD LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.



THE NEXT DAY I WENT ON A HORSE-BACK RIDE. ONLY NO DADDIES ARE ALLOWED UP HERE, SO THEY GOTTA USE A REAL HORSE INSTEAD.



AT NIGHT SOME TIMES WE SIT AROUND IN A CAMP-FIRE & UNCLE FRED TELLS US SPOOKY GHOST STORIES THAT GIVES US GHOST-PIMPLES.



TWO CRUCIAL BOWLS LEAGUE GAMES TODAY

I Applaud England's Accent On Youth Policy—But I Also Have Misgivings

Says TOM FINNEY

(Of Preston and England)

What lies ahead for England? Has her international slide been halted? Will she once again be the world's "Soccer Masters?" These questions have been sparked off by the news that the accent will now be on youth.

Most people, I imagine, will applaud this policy. I do, but I have my misgivings too.

I feel it would be a great mistake to replace a seasoned veteran solely for the purpose of building for the future. All the great teams of the post-war years contained a blend of youth and experience.

The England side of the middle and late forties was, by standards a veteran combination. At 21, I was the youngest member of an attack which included seasoned performers like Halsey, Carter, Tommy Lawton and Stanley Matthews. We had a young half-back line of Wright, Franklin and Coleman with the experienced trio of Swift, Hardwick and Scott behind.

I have always considered myself very lucky to have been blooded in such company and I know that Billy Wright feels the same way.

The 1954 Hungarians were built around seasoned men like Puskas, Hidekuti and Boszic. The world champions Brazil were helped along the way by "oldies" Nilton Santos, Didi and Garrincha.

Share Of Veterans

League champions Wolves owe much to Wright, Mullin and Slater, while Real Madrid—a team I would back against any international team—have more than their fair share of veterans.

I suppose the Manchester United side, captained by Roger Byrne, would be considered one of the few exceptions to this general pattern. But remember that at Old Trafford, the shrewd Matt Busby introduced his "Babies" into the first team, one by one, and not en masse.

Please don't think I'm against the policy of introducing youth into any side. On the contrary, I consider it the only way for a team to advance.

OFF THE CUFF

I hear that Real Madrid's centre-forward Di Siefano has just received £200 and a two-week holiday in Majorca for playing against Newcastle.

Spurs' Welsh international left-winger CLIFF JONES has a bet with brother BRYN at Newport on whom will score the most goals this season. Both have started with a hat-trick.

West Brom's international centre forward RONNIE ALLEN may return to his former club Port Vale.

The unfortunate ALICK JEFFREY, former Doncaster Rovers and young England star, who has twice broken a leg, intends to play again.

ing youth into any side. On the contrary, I consider it the only way for a team to advance.

But I do feel strongly that youngsters should be blooded alongside experienced players. Unless that is done we will never see them touch their true heights.

If you doubt me, ask CLIFF Burton how much he gained by playing alongside Alex James.

or Tommy Docherty how much he learnt from former Preston and Scottish team-mate Willie Cunningham.

End Of Era

Oddly enough, the new England team policy coincides with what could prove the end of an era. Some are already calling it the season of farewell.

Billy Wright has gone. Stanley Matthews has missed the opening game of the season for the first time since he started playing League football 27 years ago.

And there are strong rumours Bolton-way that Nat Lofthouse may soon call it a day.

If England is to recapture past triumphs, she will have to find worthy successors to such men as these. Upon the success or failure of this search, of course, will rest the results of her international youth policy.

Lack Of Talent

At the moment, I am not convinced that England has the young talent needed to replace these stars. There are a few outstanding youngsters like Johnny Haynes, Bobby Charlton and Jimmy Greaves. But overall I don't consider the general standard very impressive.

If the coming season proves me wrong, I shall be delighted, for English football desperately needs some star material.

But I hope we never forget that the big names of yesterday have a vital role in developing the big names of tomorrow.

KDC Versus IRC "A" Match May Decide First Division League Title

HERC TAKE ON HKFC IN THIRD DIVISION

By ROBERT TAY

Two crucial matches—one in the first division and another in the third division—are down for decision today as the Colony lawn bowls league enters its second last week of the season.

In the first division the clash between league-leading Indian Recreation Club "A" and second-placed Kowloon Dock Club may decide the league title.

With a lead of 3½ points over the Dock, the Indians can make the championship theirs this afternoon by winning by a 4-1 or a 5-0 margin. That will put them beyond the reach of any other team in the last league fixtures next week.

Any other result will leave the league title hanging in the balance until the last league games of the season are played next week.

A 5-0 victory for the Dock Club will put them in a very good position of winning the title, as they have a very good chance of taking the necessary four points to finish at the top of the table.

Indians Favoured

A 4-1 win for the Dock, or a 3-2 result either way will mean that the championship will depend on next week's end-of-the-season matches between IRC "A" and Recoio "A" at Recoio "A" and Recoio "B" at Hunghom.

Although the Dock seem to be on the whole a slightly stronger team on paper, the fact that the Indians will be playing on their home green, which has so far been a graveyard for many challenging teams, will swing the odds tremendously into their favour.

A great deal will depend on how fast the dockmen can adapt themselves to the green and, in today's game, the part played by the Dock two's and three's, will, I think, be the deciding factors.

The Dock will have to come out with their best form of the season this afternoon to stop the Indians from annexing the title for taking all considerations into account, I think a 4-1 win for the home team is extremely likely.

The title-hungry Hongkong Electric Club bowlers will enjoy green advantage, but the Foot-ball Club are slightly superior in the matter of front men.

The second division games will see a race for points between league-leading Hongkong Football Club and second-placed Crutchever Cricket Club, with the odds slightly in favour of the CCC three on paper.

Both Lee and Ma, however, have not been having much luck in this year's championships and with Fraser capable of doing untold damage with his heavy woods, this could be anybody's game.

triples are played off at Kowloon Bowling Green Club and at Recoio.

At KBGC, the Kowloon Dock trio of A. G. Skoob, A. W. Lapaley and A. E. Elliott will start as favourites as former champions. A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan and O. R. Sadiq but at Recoio an extremely close and exciting game is expected between Talukoo Dock's G. Clayton, B. Douglas and N. Fraser, and W. C. Young, F. Lee and C. C. Ma of Crutchever Cricket Club, with the odds slightly in favour of the CCC three on paper.

However, with the Football Club in good form at the moment, I feel that the Electric Club are in for an extremely hard time this afternoon and a possible 4-1 defeat.

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The second division games will see a race for points between league-leading Hongkong Football Club and second-placed Crutchever Cricket Club, with the odds slightly in favour of the CCC three on paper.

Both Lee and Ma, however, have not been having much luck in this year's championships and with Fraser capable of doing untold damage with his heavy woods, this could be anybody's game.

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English Football Review WOLVES PAY IN SCARS FOR FIRST POINTS

By ROY PESKETT

Wolves, chasing a League championship hat-trick, have already run into serious trouble. Last Saturday, in the tough local derby with Birmingham, Peter Broadbent was injured and will be out for at least four games. Grm manager Stanley Cullis told me also of minor damage suffered by Eddie Clamp, Mickey Lill, and skipper Eddie Studrt.

Broadbent went into a tackle with Trevor Smith, a popular tip to take over from Billy Wright in the England team, and in the words of Cullis, "came out second best." Broadbent limped off and took no part in the second half. He hobbled to the ground for treatment.

This is a tough break for the brilliant ball-player who has contributed so much to Wolves' successive championship wins.

Inevitable

Broadbent last place in the England forward line during the South American tour, and was hoping to play himself back during the hectic early season period, when the selectors are out in force.

Mr. Cullis emphatically denied having described the Birmingham-Wolves match as "one of the dirtiest" in an attack attributed to him.

A Birmingham City official explained: "Both are hard-tackling sides; neither gives anything away. There's bound to be a few bruises in a match of this sort."

The referee was also blamed for the "needles" that marred another local affair, that at Blackpool, where referee Arthur Holland, of Barnsley, took exception to some Bolton Wanderers activities.

Fussy

England winger Billy Holden had his name taken for ungentlemanly conduct; Hartle was booked for time wasting; Banks and Higgins were warned against heavy tackles.

Said Bolton manager Bill Ridding: "I was shocked when Holden had his name taken."

He did what any player would do. He merely made sure he was in position when the throw-in was taken.

"The referee's fussiness knocked us out of our stride after we had seemed certain to win. My boys started playing the referee, not Blackpool."

Referee Holland defended himself: "I'm surprised Mr. Ridding is complaining."

"I warned Holden about throwing and kicking the ball away, but he did it again. I had to book him. I warned Tommy Banks about his tackling."

"Players should be able to take these things and carry on playing football. It's ridiculous to say that I cost Bolton the game."

Intelligent refereeing by that master, Arthur Ellis, did much to make enjoyable the match I saw at West Bromwich.

Firm

Two young England stars, Maurice Setters and Wulf McGuinness, were warned about bad fouls so firmly, so unambiguously, that not one transgressed again, yet the crowd had no encouragement to attack them.

Fulham, away to a bad start in the First Division, are ready to bid for Aberdeen, centre-forward Norman Davidson, who scored a goal on Saturday. With Maurice Cook converted to wing-half, there is a centre-forward problem at Craven Cottage. Inside-forward John Doherty led the attack at Blackburn without much success.

Who Invented Hurling?

Dublin.

Any loyal Irishman will insist that the rugged game of hurling was invented in Ireland but the game actually is believed to have been played by Egyptians during the reign of Rameses II.

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Tyson Plans To Switch To Lancs League

By JOHN ROSS

England fast bowler Frank ("Typhoon") Tyson, the scourge of Australian batsmen in 1955, is quitting county cricket. He wants to play in the Lancashire League.

That is the news which Tyson, still only 29, will give to Northamptonshire any day now. It will shock them, for Tyson is getting a testimonial this season.

Only recently he told me: "At the moment, I intend to play in the championship cricket, for only another season. I want to play in the Lancashire League—if I can get a club for five years. Then I will emigrate to Australia."

Tomorrow will see another Open Championship event reach its final stage when the semi-finals of the Open

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SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who holds the world decathlon record—Rafael Johnson, Vasily Kuznetsov or Dave Eldstrom?

2. Which countries did these men beat in Test cricket: (a) Jack Cheetham, (b) Walter Hadlee, (c) Joe Darling?

3. Who delivered Suse Q?

4. Where does green follow yellow?

5. Will in the dardines: (a) Robert Tyne, (b) Lewis Allen, (c) Peter Barker Howard?

6. Which athletic event would you be watching if you saw a race between Eddie Southern, John Wrighton and Mel Spence?

7. What are the nationalities of (a) Carmen Basile, (b) Pascual Pozzo, (c) Yvon Durelle?

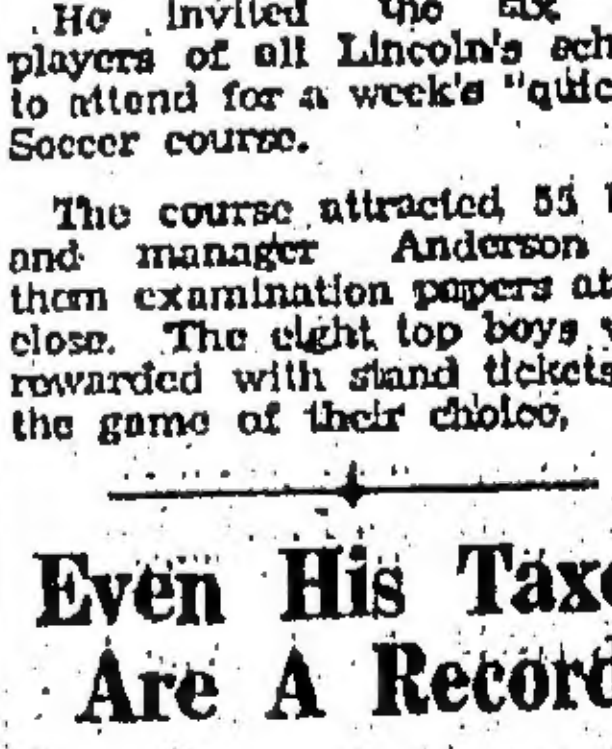
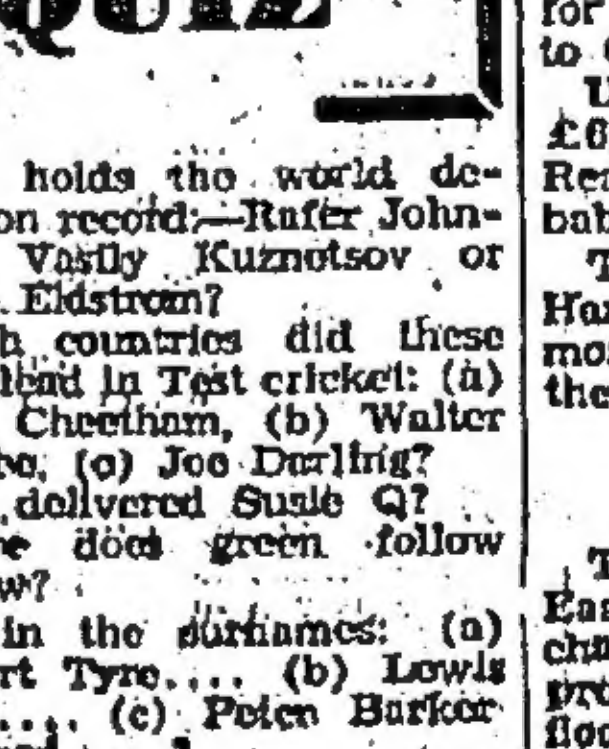
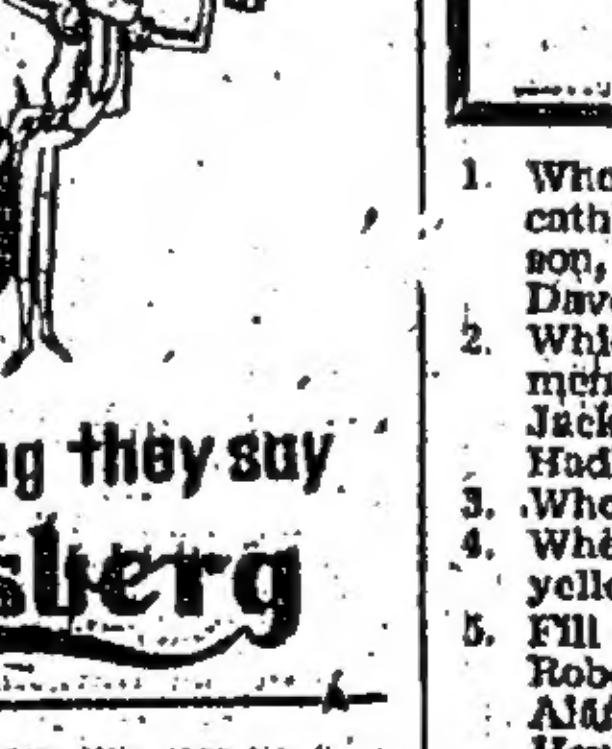
8. Who has scored most runs in Test cricket: Don Bradman, Len Hutton, Jack Hobbs or Walter Hammond?

9. Who was the first boxer to win three world titles?

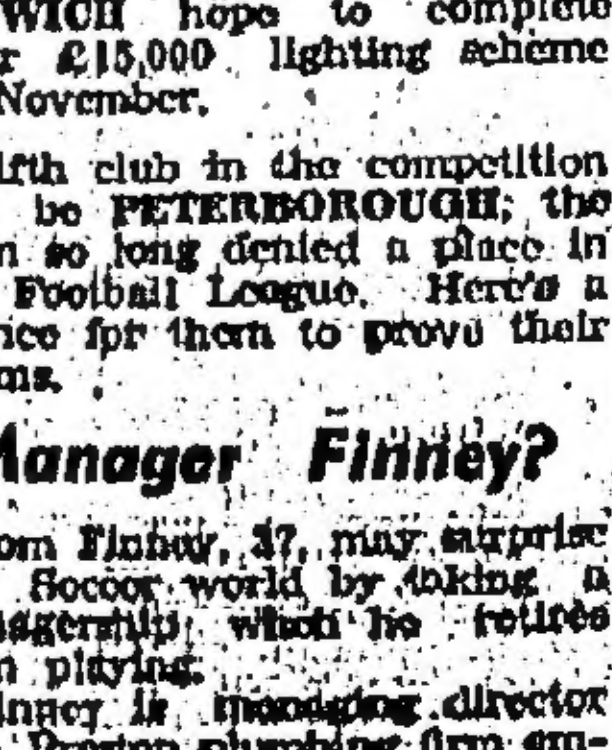
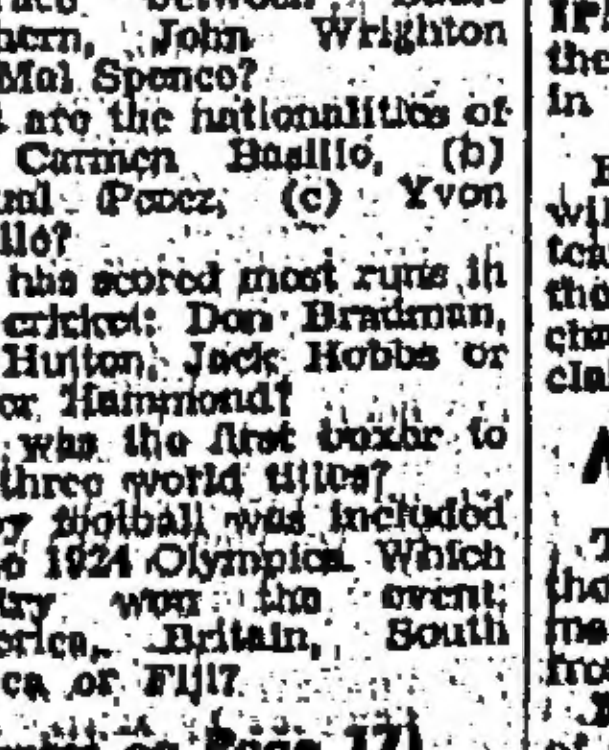
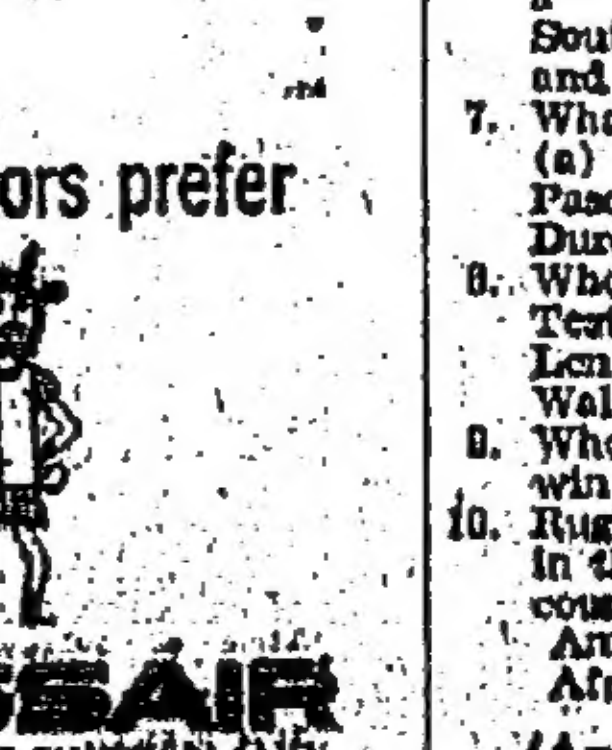
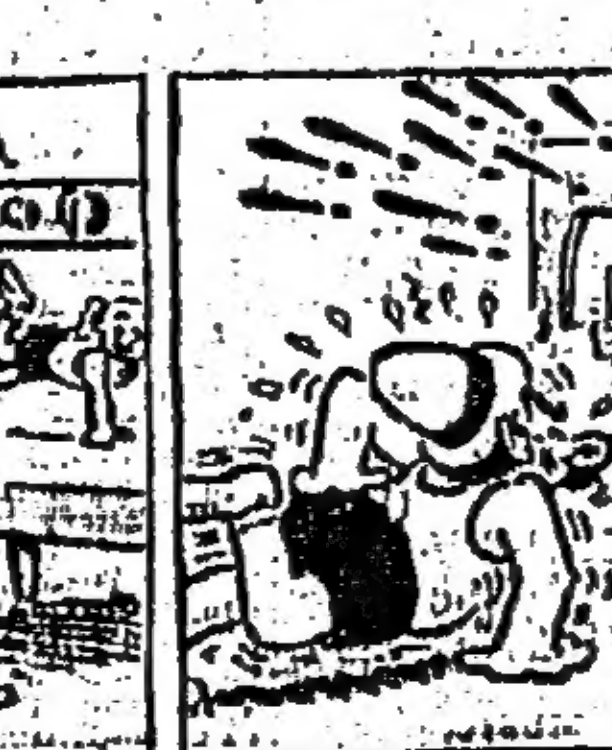
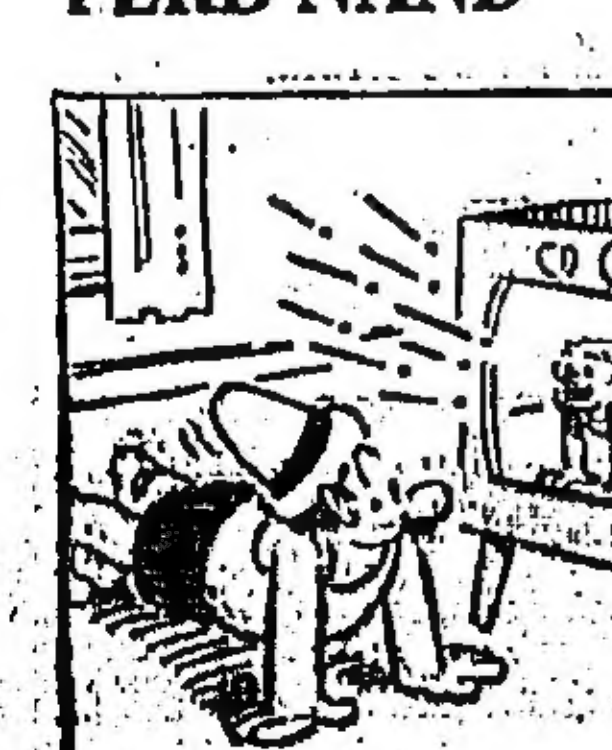
10. Rugby football was included in the 1924 Olympics. Which country were the winners: America, Britain, South Africa or Fiji?

(Answers on Page 17)

POP—Knocking the rocks



Ferdinand



Actors prefer



SWISSAIR
THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

There Will Be Many Player Switches For New Soccer Season

The new football season is less than a month away. What does it hold? Will there be a marked revival in our soccer fortunes or will the decline in playing standards... and in the field conduct of the players... continue unchecked?

It's an intriguing situation.

There is every indication of a certain hardening of attitude on the part of the Hongkong Football Association's new office-bearers towards both aspects of the decline. There is therefore some degree of hope that at last we may see a real concerted effort to restore Colony football to its previous high pinnacle.

If this proves to be so, we shall soon find the crowds flocking back to the grounds just as they did a few short years ago.

It is indeed the spirit of life, then it seems that the local football fans are going to be well satisfied, for the current news shows that several of the better known sides in the first Division will have a 'new look' as far as playing strength goes.

Not So Far-Reaching

But that does not mean there will be bright new faces fighting for a place in the limelight. It means only that the annual player shuffle, shuffle or tussle—call it what you like—has been more drastic than in recent years and certainly KMB, Kitchee, Eastern and Tung Wah will be fielding much changed teams, but even at that, the musical-chairs act will not be as far-reaching as many at one time believed it was going to be.

The team switching has of course been accompanied by all the usual rumours of 'inducement' and 'reward' and according to some sports enthusiasts the veritable press has been pretty pointed in its comments on the subject.

There is a regular touch of the cocktail spirit about our soccer. We get the same old ingredients shaken together in different combinations. Sometimes they prove to be successful... sometimes they are quite ineffectual.

Probably the most fickle item in recent years has been the Kitchee cocktail. Time after time the club officials have gone out and collected big-name players and there is a quiet hope that this season their youngsters will again win a high place for themselves.

Chief Sufferers

According to the latest news Eastern have also done something towards recapturing the former high place they once held in Hongkong soccer, and unless there are some late surprises it seems that Tung Wah, who had such a good time last year, are the chief sufferers in the scramble for talent. A number of the star men who wore their colours last season will be trotting out in a new summer outfit when the kick-off whistle blows.

There has of course been the usual speculation about

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

the movements of South China players but, as has happened regularly in recent years, it seems that the Caroline Hillers are strong enough and attractive enough to hold the fickle loyalty of even the modern soccer stars.

In the early weeks of the new season many eyes will be cast in the direction of the games involving the vigorous young Sing Tao side which did so well in the closing stages of the last league competition. The Tigers fill an unusual place in Hongkong football. They enjoy a very real popularity and when they are doing well the crowds flock to see them.

'The Jets'

A few years ago they flashed into the limelight with a brilliant mixture of youthful enthusiasm and veteran guidance. Their quicksilver displays earned them the title of 'The Jets' and many local fans still like to speculate on the side's potential if it had not been mercilessly dissected in the annual carve-up. The fine old club has survived its tribulations and there is a quiet hope that this season their youngsters will again win a high place for themselves.

There are rumours abroad of a possible revival of movements in both the Kwong Wah and CAA camps but, with the big-name players already obligated to the fashionable sides, it is difficult to see where they are going to find the talent to improve their position and it may well be that it will again be left to the Police to provide the healthy surprise element in the chase towards the championship.

There were times last year when the boys in blue were a worthy match for any side in the competition and I agree with those who still feel that the turning point in their fortunes came when they felt bound to switch a vital fixture from their compact ground at Boundary Street to the wide open and unfamiliar spaces of the Hongkong Stadium.

The argument concerning this point is of course purely hypothetical and no one will ever know what might have happened had the fixture been played at Kowloon, but it is surely a fact beyond dispute, the Police always played their best football on their own excellent piece of turf.

There is a hard struggle ahead for the two newly promoted sides and they will have to fight every inch of the way if they are to

avoid an early return to a lower division.

The Army is nowadays the sole survivor of the non-Chinese sides in the senior competition. In recent years the task confronting the team officials has grown steadily more and more difficult. Top class players are hard to come by and frequently the new arrival finds it hard to appreciate the skill and prowess of the Chinese footballers. It takes time to indoctrinate young British players into the style and tactics of the star local teams and in the last two or three years the soldiers have lost so many valuable points in their early games that they have never been in with a real championship winning chance.

This is the main problem which faces the Army officials. If they can get a reasonable start in the fixture list they may be able to stabilise their effort. A few early confidence-giving points would work wonders.

There is—in spite of everything—a subtle air of hope about the coming season. It seems that much better arrangements have been made for visits from overseas teams and if our players live up to their real reputations, rather than down to their recent dismal achievements, we can have a very interesting and entertaining time.

★ ★ ★

It is often said that confession is good for the soul and as a consequence I have no second thoughts about confessing that I was both astonished... and surprised... to read the letter in Wednesday's China Mail which appeared above the joint signatures of three members of the Army Football Referees Association. I will go as far as to say that the letter was not representative of the view frequently stated in public by other senior Services referees who have spent two or three years in this Colony... and, from telephone calls I have received since the letter was published, I know that it is not by any means indicative of the opinions of other Services referees who are here at this very moment.

During the last five or six years it has frequently been said that the weakness of football refereeing in Hongkong was due in large measure to the re-

A Battered Ex-Champion



Photo shows why Massey could not come out for the 11th round of his featherweight world title fight against Davey Moore recently. Five months earlier, as world champion, he had lost his crown to Moore when he had to give up because of blood pouring down his face from cuts above his eyes. This time, he lost in a similar fashion, after being repeatedly hit in the region of the eyes.

luctance of locally domiciled whistlers to step forward and take their rightful place on the administration side of their own association... far too much, it was claimed, was expected from the Services referees.

Upside Down

I well remember being present at a meeting a few years ago when Major Mickey Walker—of the Army Physical Training Corps and one of the most knowledgeable and competent referees it has ever been my pleasure to meet—stood on the platform and told—the gathering that he felt the whole thing was upside down.

Pointing to the local whistlers he said "If you civilian referees who live in Hongkong who should be up on this platform, I—and the other Services officials beside me—should be down in the body of the hall. It is important that you should accept office in your own association with the same willingness as you accept dates to referee a game or run the line. Until you show a willingness to do that you cannot really claim that this is YOUR association."

That sentiment has been expressed again and again. Generally it has fallen on stony ground but by every principle of common sense it is right... absolutely right... and the Services referees have been the strongest advocates of the necessity for Hongkong's referees to take more than a passive interest in their own affairs.

Now Gilchrist Wants To Become A Pakistani

The world's fastest bowler, and naughty boy of West Indian cricket, Roy Gilchrist, may quit England—and the West Indies—for Pakistan.

It depends on two things—his wife, and whether or not he can get Pakistan nationality. He said last week: "It is still all a little undecided. The first problem is my wife. She would like to go back to the West Indies."

"Also I have to wait until next month to find out what happens about my application for Pakistan nationality."

Why does the 25-year-old fast bowler who was sent home from the West Indies tour of India after a series of clashes on and off the field with tour captain Gerry Alexander seek Pakistan nationality?

Because he wants to get back into Test cricket. Outlawed by his own countrymen, Gilchrist cannot forget Test cricket.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Vasily Kuznetsov.
2. (a) South Africa, (b) New Zealand, (c) Australia.
3. Rocky Marciano. It was the name of his knock-out punch.
4. Snooker.
5. (a) Robert Tyre Jones, (b) Lewis Allen Road, (c) Peter Barker Howard May.
6. Quarter-mile.
7. (a) American, (b) Argentinian, (c) Canadian.
8. Walter Hammond—7,249 runs.
9. Bob Fitzsimmons.
10. America.

Sports Diary

TO-DAY

- Bowls
- 1st Division: KBOC v Revere
"A" FC v C. Recto
KCC, TC v INC "B", INC "A" v KDC.
- 2nd Division: CCC v KCC, HKFC v PFC "B", FC v PFC "A", USC v HKPSA.
- 3rd Division: KCC v CCC, KDC v INC, HKFC v HKFC, TC v KDC.
- Ladies 1st Division: KDC v KDC, PFC v CCC "B", TC v USC.

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THE GAMBOLS... By Barry Appleby



